

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE VIRTUE OF RESIGNATION.

RESIGNATION seems to be the cardinal virtue now most in vogue. Its blessings and benefits have long been the theme of the moralist's and the poet's praise. Sometimes, when compulsory, the parties practicing it regard it only as a blessing in disguise.

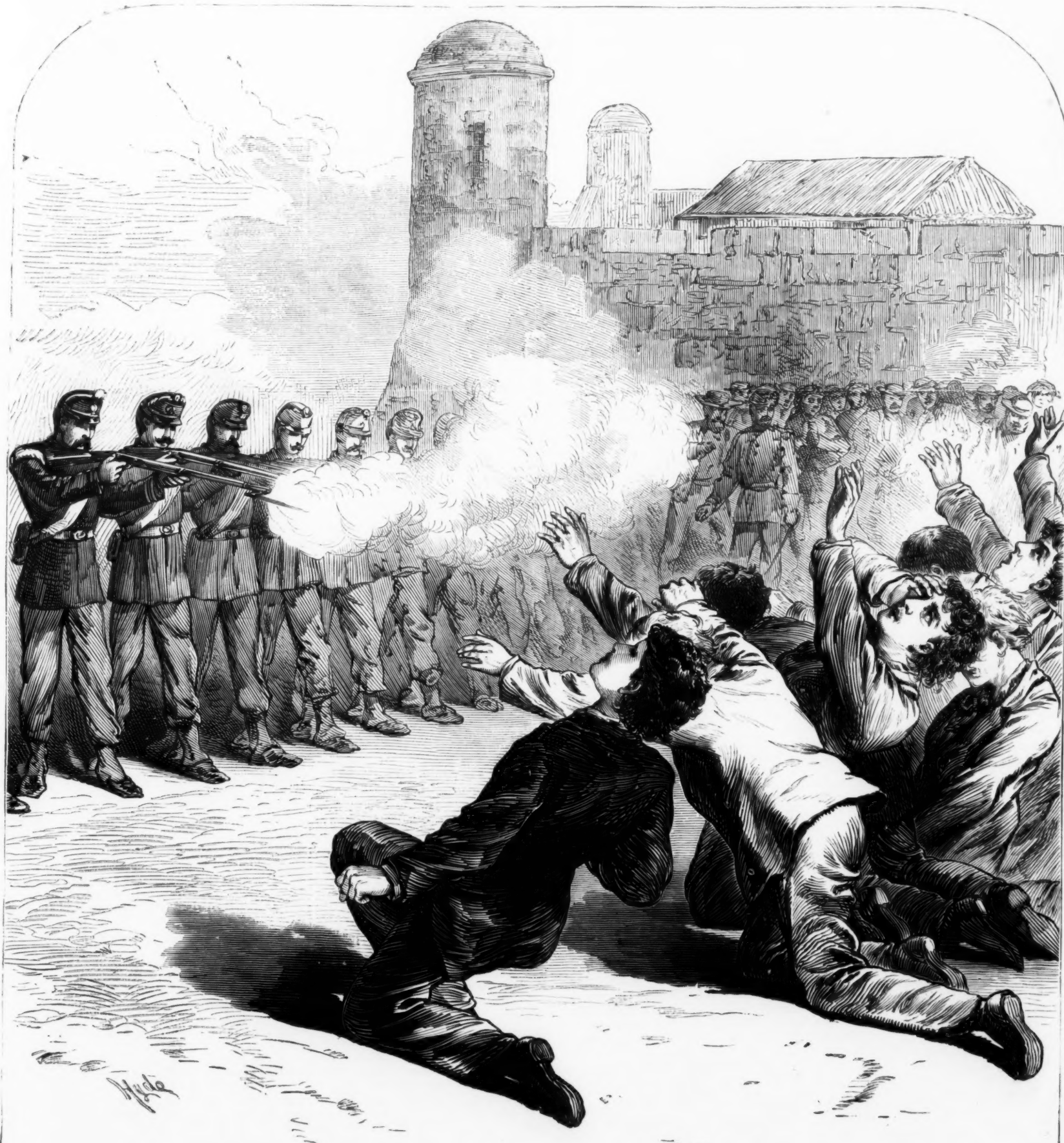
Such has recently been emphatically the case in regard to the more "modern instances" falling under our observation. Within the past few weeks we have seen the rulers of the city resigning, one after the other, their places of profit and trust, and their example spreading, like a contagion, to their subordinates.

We hear, frequently, rumors of more resigna-

tions, and find new and shining illustrations every day. Even the fierce Indians of the Great Wigwam have bowed their plumed heads and stubborn knees, and exhibited this Christian virtue in an eminent degree, and conversions still continue. There seems but one impenitent and unresigning member of that fraternity, and he the man who, like Paul,

might well denominate himself "the chief of sinners." This shining light still holds on grimly to place and perquisites, and does not believe in or practice the virtue of resignation—only "smiling" when officious interviewers suggest it to him.

But this virtue, to be meritorious, must be voluntary, and we fear that it is only a virtue



CUBA.—SUMMARY EXECUTION, BY SHOOTING, OF EIGHT YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENTS, BY THE SPANISH VOLUNTEERS IN HAVANA.—SEE PAGE 229.

of necessity with most of its late converts. The Public Voice has demanded it in such thunder-tones, that it required no ordinary nerve to resist the call; and we doubt not that the last unrepentant sinner is only waiting to put his house in order before following in the same path of penitential seclusion. The last series or batch of resigned individuals comprises the whole board of directors of the proposed Viaduct Road—Tammany's youngest and plumpest child. It is stated that the child will not die in consequence, but, under new auspices, or with a change of doctors and diet, "astonish the natives," some day or other, by its growth and strength. We shall see.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

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The result of previous offers of prizes, among the fortunate competitors for which we may name Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Miss L. M. Alcott, Rev. E. E. Hale, and others well known to the reading public, encourages us to expect, in response to this invitation, works which will win an enduring reputation.

THE PRESIDENT'S STUMP SPEECH.

THE President's Message is an electioneering document, and whoever wrote it intended it for one. Like most such documents, it is not "square." It avoids unpleasant subjects, and "goes it strong" on such as may be deemed popular. The Santo Domingo ostrich is made to hide its head, in the belief that in doing so it will disguise its ill-favored corpus from the time-being. But we all know that the "job" is not dead, but sleeping, and that, should the next November elections result as the Administration Ring desires, it will come out with its beak lifted heavenward in glory and defiance. On the other hand, since Greeley and the rest of them have made "Free Love" ridiculous,

and "Polygamy" a scoff and crime—thanks to the aid of Judge McKeon—the President leaps on the wave of reaction, and seeks to cajole the votes of the opponents of Polygamy and Free Love by denunciation and threats against the two obnoxious doctrines. It will not be forgotten, in this connection, that Utah is still a Territory, and casts no electoral votes.

As we all supposed it would be, the result of the pow-wows and dinners of the "Joint High Commission" (how the name is resonant of China and Japan!) is paraded as the crowning glory of the Administration, with the covert knowledge that the results of that result will not become public before the election for President is over. That Commission, as we have had occasion to say before, has settled nothing. It has only spawned other Commissions, which will sacrifice, from first to last, through and through, all American rights and interests. And we have put on record the prediction that the whole business will end in humiliations and disgusts such as never before were experienced or submitted to by the American people.

If the President has any really grand quality, it is his stolidity. The writer of the Message, whoever he may have been, had assurance. To speak of the proceedings of what has been sardonically called the "High Joins," as something novel in international intercourse, a milestone on the path of Time, a great example to mankind and the initial step toward the Millennium, and as the patent exploit of the President, shows that the aforesaid writer was as ignorant as impudent. The history of the country is full of instances of "joint" or "mixed" commissions; we have had them time and again with Great Britain, and with almost every other country with which we have held or hold relations. But as, according to Mr. Montgomery Blair, General Grant owned up to the fact (did he brag on it?) that he had never read a book a supererogatory admission, perhaps, we are not surprised that he did not correct the assumption or blunder made by the author of the Message.

The *cheval de bataille* (we translate the phrase into horse English for the benefit of the President, and inform him that it means war-horse) of the Administration is the boast that it has paid off certain millions of the National Debt—a fact of which we are painfully conscious, which we have assiduously chronicled, and of which we are, with some reservations, proud. But at what cost? The country, recovering from the loss of life and labor in the war, is becoming stronger and richer every day. Already a new generation has entered on the stage since the fatal shot on Sumter—a generation that was not drafted and not taxed in the thousand ways that were the men of ten years ago. The tide of emigration flows on. In a few years the resources of the country will be doubled. Why not let posterity—why not let the men of the future, who will enjoy the fruits moistened by the blood of our brothers and by our tears—why not allow them the proud privilege of paying some portion of the cost of the grand heritage we have preserved for them and left to them—the grand, glorious heritage of an Indissoluble Union!

To grind us to the earth with enterprise-crushing exactions, intrusive and offensive questionings, taxing every article, great or small, that enters into our production and manufacture, and then, after all our labor and economy, besides demanding of us a bonus for doing our work, to require a per centage on our savings! And for what? In order that Boutwell may brag on \$100,000,000 of (unused) gold in the Treasury, and Grant make a bid, at the expense of the business of the country, for the Presidency!

We are not insensible to the magic of the word "Glory!" We may chime in (sometimes a little derisively) with the grand "Scream of the American Eagle." But out of the three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours that constitute the year (as we are told), there are three hundred and sixty-four days and a fraction in which the Eagle does not scream, and during which we have before us the plain, prosaic question of bread and butter. Is our duty so clear, our ability so great, that we are bound to take the Great Debt of the Nation on our shoulders, and stagger under its load to the silent refuge beside our slaughtered brothers, dead sisters, and churchyard slumbering mothers?

We may be equal to all this again, but not for the motive of elevating Ulysses S. Grant to the Presidency for a second term—especially when he has declared against second terms. Let us spare him the privilege of scandalizing his own precepts.

CAT-FISH.

We are confident the Senate of the United States, which, on the whole, is made up of gentlemen, never stirred up the dirty pool of the Fish-Catacazy troubles by any initiation of its own. The resolution calling for the correspondence between the late Russian Minister

and the American Secretary of State was "inspired," if not dictated, from the White House or the State Department. We are only sorry that the fire that recently attacked the secluded shanty where the State Department is supposed to be housed, did not consume the dirty documents connected with this Catacazy-Fish or Fish-Catacazy business. We express this regret as Americans having some regard for public as well as private decency. Call Catacazy a "cad," if you like—and that he was a meddlesome and disagreeable person, we do not doubt—but don't scold like a Fish-woman. Send him his passports; punish him by a free passage on the *Tallapoosa* to his hyperborean home; tell him to go to the d—l; but don't make indecent exposures. Four mortal columns of explanations *why* you pack off a disagreeable fellow, is rather an admission that you shouldn't do it at all.

IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

THE American News Company has published a little brochure entitled, "The Devil, his Origin, Greatness and Decline," a reprint of an article in the London *Fortnightly Review*—a leading organ of Advanced Thought in England—by a lady, not unknown for her research and power of diction, Frances Power Cobbe. It is a review and an epitome of the "History of the Devil," etc., by M. the Rev. Albert Revielle, of Paris. It is not our purpose to say a single word regarding M. Revielle's book (which we have not seen), nor as regards Miss Cobbe's Review, except that the latter is as cold and incisive as Steel, and calm and passionless as Ice or the Aurora; but we must dissent from her main proposition that the Devil is dead.

In disproof of this, it might be sufficient to point to the assassination of Rossel and others, in Paris, by that senile dwarf Thiers, were it not that we have a more startling and shocking illustration of the existence of The Devil, in his most horrible and malignant form, at our very doors!

Miss Cobbe calls The Devil "an ugly nightmare!" What will she say when she comes to read of the recent butcheries in Cuba? When the "ugly nightmare" takes a physical form, and sends eight heedless youths to death, and thrice that number to the chain-gang, or the prison, and all for a boy's foolish freak, which in any country civilized, or pretending to be civilized, would be severely punished by rustication, or, in exceptional cases, by expulsion from college.

The Devil dead?

Not at all! The Devil is rampant in Cuba. He appears as the masculine counterpart of that most horrible creation of Hindoo mythology, Durga or Kali. An authentic author thus describes this Oriental impersonation of Cruelty and Murder:

"Her representations are most terrible. The emblems of destruction are common to all. She is entwined with serpents. Around her neck is a circle of skulls. Her girdle is a chain of dismembered human heads. Tigers crouch, in deference to a cruelty they cannot emulate, at her feet. She delights in human sacrifices, and in every combination of the loathsome and the horrible. The invocation to her is, 'Hail Kali! Goddess of Thunder! Iron Sceptred, hail, fierce Kali! Cut, slay, destroy! Cut with the ax, drink blood, slay, destroy!'"

Does the cigar-smoking incubus of the White House see the application?

Verily, the Devil is not dead.

THE GREAT RECEPTIONS OF NEW YORK.

THE enthusiasm with which the Grand Duke Alexis has been received throughout the country has been accounted for variously. By some it has been attributed to the concord and amity which exist between Russia and America; to the sympathy felt and expressed by the former to the latter during the late rebellion; to the accord and bond of fellowship coming from the simultaneous emancipation of the serfs of the former and the negroes of the latter; to a hankering after the show and glitter of royalty and the pageants of power which are alleged to be inseparable to man.

These various and diverse reasons are, however, far from correct, and probably arise, in no little degree, from the desire of finding some high principle or lofty motive at the base of all great popular movements. The truth is, a people or nation is but an aggregate of individuals, and as the motives which sway any one man are not always noble and elevated, so the exciting cause of mass movements may be equally foolish or trivial.

As to a national feeling being the cause, there is no special sympathy between the two countries. We, in fact, care very little for one another, for we are diverse in character, aim, manners, education, taste. Neither is there any such feeling existing, as alleged, on account of the simultaneous freedom of a part of the population of the two countries, for the two kinds of slavery were never identical—the Russian serf having been rather a political inferior than a slave, and his serfdom more a dependency than a thralldom. Be that as it may,

this is not why we cheer and *file* Alexis, any more than because he carries his head six feet two inches from the earth.

Still less can it, with any kind of propriety, be ascribed to a love for monarchy or its institutions. We have had the one-man rule of Boss Tweed too recently, to be apt to go astray in this direction, and to desire the absolutism which spends, and taxes, and pockets, without saying, "By your leave." Have we not had other grand ovations besides those so warmly accorded to princes? What more extensive than those given to the Presidential voyagers of Tyler and Johnson, men even disliked by a large portion of the community? What more numerous, and tearful, too, than the pageants attendant upon the burials of Lincoln and other statesmen? What more cheered and overwhelming than the greetings given to Grant and others of the country's defenders?

The simple truth is, that we are a people curious about everything, fond of excitement and novelty, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." We look at "a real Duke" to satisfy ourselves that he is a man just like ourselves; to compare him with brother John, and to be able to say at some future day, if he chance to do anything worthily, "Our Sal danced with him when he was nothing but a Duke."

The reason why the American receptions seem so enthusiastic, springs from the general intelligence of the community. We are all a reading people; we take the newspapers, and we talk of what we read; and therefore every one, in the first place, knows that some person of position or character is coming, the day and hour. We know all about him, his antecedents and probable future. Popular receptions, unless manufactured by governments, are everywhere dependent upon the degree of national education. So, if you say that an official visit of any distinguished person is unnoticed in this or that land, or that the community generally have no interest in the coming and going, it may be truly inferred that in proportion to this want of interest is the want of general education and popular elevation. Whenever greatness is unnoticed by the people, it is because they are sunk in degradation.

We honor Alexis as the scion of a race of great men. Nicholas ruled with great national benefit more millions of men and a larger territory than any modern potentate. His son, succeeding him, inaugurated his entrance to power by the grandest of potential acts, and by starting his country upon a progress toward a higher political freedom than it had ever before enjoyed. In honoring the son, now with us, we honor Alexander II., and it is because forty millions of freemen recognize the benign rule of the most powerful autocrat of the world that we the more cordially welcome the representative.

But, while we gladly honor the son of a worthy man, the scion of a family who have had it in their power to do much good, and who, having the power, did it, we must not forget that curiosity and love of excitement are the preponderating influences which make up a crowd; that Nathan's murderer, or the extra-ditioned Garvey, or the abject Connolly, or the impecunious Boss Tweed himself, riding from the Battery to the Tombs, or from the New Court House to Sing-Sing, would draw a larger, more excited, and rejoicing crowd of the better class of the community—but which, however, would not prevent their sympathizing pick-pocket friends from adding to the throngs, and pushing along through the thickest.

CONFISCATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

It is a curious coincidence that in the two great seats of the Catholic faith, Constantinople, its ancient, and Rome, its modern centre—the respective Governments should be busy in appropriating the property of the Church.

The "Grand Sultan" who is Head of the Faith, as well as temporal ruler of the Ottoman Empire, has just initiated, or suggested, a new reform, in the appropriation for State purposes and uses the immense property held by the Mohammedan Church and various religious bodies called *Vakoufs*. This property was not originally derived from the State, but from donations of private pious persons, and has hitherto been held as the most inalienable of titles under the Empire.

The wants of the impecunious Sultan Abdul-Aziz have, however, proved stronger than his piety or reverence for this old Moslem institution—and he braves the anger and hostility of the large and powerful class of Ulemas and other Doctors of Divinity and Law, as well as the strong popular prejudice, in order to seize on these coveted possessions of the Church, amounting to many millions in value.

The fanaticism of Islam must have waned very much when the Head of the Faith can propose thus coolly to confiscate the property of the Church, and thereby cripple its strength. It would indicate that the return of the Christian masters to Constantinople (predicted by its Ottoman conqueror, Mahomet II., when he spared the cross in San Sophia) can-

not be far remote, when such things are in contemplation.

In Rome, the collision between the King and the Pope seems also approaching its crisis, and similar measures of appropriation of the property and dismemberment of the associations of the Catholic Church have been and are in progress of completion.

So grave have these collisions become, that it is said the Pope meditates the acceptance of a castle at Pau, in France, tendered him by President Thiers, as a refuge—there to establish for the time the seat of his authority.

The Italian Parliament proposes passing a bill for the suppression of the religious houses in Rome and the Papal States, and has already confiscated or appropriated the territory claimed by the Church as the patrimony of St. Peter and his successors, respected by all Christian potentates until now.

The Holy Father protests and publishes allocutions, but is powerless to resist or stem the rushing tide which is sweeping him away.

Meantime the Italian Press, representing the Government, declares that the Catholic Church "must reform itself as the State has done—conform to the new order of things, dismiss the Jesuits, and do away with the dogma of Infallibility." Demands as sweeping as these show the temper of one party, while the response of the other is equally strong. Neither will yield; so the weakest (which is the Church) must finally give way.

The coincidence we have pointed out is a very curious proof of the drift of the mind of liberals in all countries to-day.

The following extract, from a little illustrated news-sheet, published in Yeddo, Japan, giving an account of the late typhoon in the Inland Sea, and a picture of the appearance of Kobe Bay after it, will show that the Japanese have as yet quite elementary notions in meteorological science: "The Great Storm-Wave in Kishu, Izumi and Setsu.—The sudden changes and movements of heaven and earth are caused by the commingling of the female and male elements, and the contention of wind and rain. Alas! not even can the influence of the gods of Buddha prevail to govern them. It was on the night of the 18th day of the fifth month of the fourth (goat) year of Meiji, and about ten o'clock, that the wind and rain became exceedingly violent, and a great storm-wave arising, not only the steamers, but also about 700,000 large and small boats were thrown ashore at Kinohana and Kumanoura in Kishu, at Sakai, and at Tempozan, off Osaka. At the frightful destruction, old and young, males and females, wept and howled, and the sound thereof was most pitiable. The number of the dead was in proportion to the size of the places (visited by the storm). It was a wonderful event, not heard of in former generations. On the following morning the rain ceased, and the mad wind became quiet, and then for the first time men felt at ease in their heart."

We are glad to read in the *World*, the only reputable organ of the Democratic party in this city, that "the Democratic party, instructed by a costly experience, is heartily willing to cut loose from dead issues. It will not insist on thrashing over the old straw of the Constitutional amendments. It will make no further opposition to negro suffrage. No Democratic voice, not even Mr. Pendleton's, will again be raised for paying off the National Debt in greenbacks. The party is in no danger of repeating the fatal mistakes it made in 1868. It will hereafter appear in the arena as the champion of progressive ideas and national reform. It has removed its lights from the stern of the ship, and hung them on the bow, and invites the co-operation of all friends of freedom and advocates of reform in solving the great issues of the future." So let it be!

The Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, of this State, has introduced in the House of Representatives a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so that the President and Vice-President of the United States hereafter elected shall hold office during the term of six years; but no person shall be re-eligible to be President who has been once elected to that office. This is a sound application of the one-term principle, and if it should be adopted by the two Houses of Congress, and ratified by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the Union, the country would be relieved from one of the greatest among the political evils that now afflict it.

An English traveler, who evidently has no high opinion of his countrymen, when "doing" Europe, gives the following amusing account of an incident on the summit of the Rhigi, in Switzerland, where a party of travelers had gathered in the chill morning to see the sun rise—a very magnificent spectacle, it is said, when seen. He says:

"The first remark I heard was this, addressed by an excursionist who was lying on the ground to

another excursionist who was standing on a bench, 'Give us a whistle, Charlie, when 'e comes oop.' The next remark was made by an evidently impatient excursionist, 'Well, I wish 'e'd be oop and 'a done with it. Of course 'he' in these two elegant and appreciative sentences stands for 'sun.' When at last 'he' had been good enough to reward the eager excursionists by 'coming oop,' a facetiously disposed individual, elevated on a seat, announced the fact to his brother excursionists by saying in a loud and showmanlike tone, 'Ladies and gents, be'old the sun!' This was almost enough for me, even in sight of the splendid spectacle which was presenting itself to my eyes; but before I left I was doomed to one more instance of British taste and refinement. Another excursionist, addressing a companion, remarked, 'They tell me we can see the 'ole of the Joongfior and Matter'orn from here. I wonder now which they be? It don't matter, however. At all events, we can say we've seen 'em.'"

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D. T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.

This popular work needs no encomium. The qualifications of its author for such a task have been well-known to the reading public for many years. The various works which have been published under his editorship, enriched by his personal recollections and annotations, furnish a sufficient guarantee that any similar labor will be most creditably performed. In the present instance he has succeeded in making up a most interesting volume, abounding in incidents and extracts, and which not only presents everything of interest in the life of Dickens, but gives a very good, general idea, almost an epitome, of his works. It is bound to match Peterson's Edition of Dickens, and is an indispensable companion to that edition on the library shelves.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. WATSON. T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.

The long-mooted question as to the authorship of the principal poem of this collection, has given to it a popular reputation, apart from its intrinsic merits. It has had the singular literary fate of having been claimed by no less than eight or nine different persons, several of whom have actually disputed with the real author through the public Press, and with the publishers, exhibiting a phase of human nature most difficult to comprehend. The other poems indicate considerable poetic talent, as well as genuine sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity. The volume reflects great credit upon the publishers. It is a large octavo, printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in Morocco cloth, gilt top and side, with beveled boards, and will make a very appropriate Christmas present.

SCIENTIFIC.

It is stated that Professor Watson, of the University of Michigan, has discovered a new planet in the constellation Capricorn, of the tenth magnitude. This is the 115th of the series.

ANOTHER car-coupling arrangement has been proposed, in which the ordinary form of link is used. Instead of the common pin, however, there is pivoted, in a recess in the lower lip of the draw-bar head, a sort of tumbling hook, of the general form of a common garden hoe, with a very short handle. It is pivoted at the angle, and, before the coupling is effected, the pin lies horizontally, projected forward. As the link enters the mouth it strikes the vertical arm of the tumbling hook, and by its pressure raises the pin to a vertical position through the link. When the pin has thus come to a vertical position, it is caught and held at the top by a gravitating catch at the top of the mouth of the draw-bar. The only way in which the cars may now be detached is by lifting this catch—this to be done by a connection to a lever either on the platform or top of the car. The invention involves simply a change in the form of the draw-bar head, and, as the common link is used, there is no difficulty in connecting cars with this coupling to those of the old form.

PROFESSOR HENRY'S views in regard to the best method of constructing and erecting lightning rods appear to differ from those of other scientific authorities. In a published letter on the subject Professor Henry says that the rod should consist of round iron of about one inch diameter, and that its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity by being secured together by coupling ferules. To secure it from rust, the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor; it should terminate in a single platinum point. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better. Bendings should be rounded and not formed in acute angles. It should be fastened to the building by iron eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass, the latter point, however, not being of special importance. The rod should be placed, in preference, on the west side of the building, and it should be connected with the earth in the most perfect manner possible.

PELOPEUS, OR SAND-WASP.—An American genus (Pelopæus) is called the Dauber, from its singular habit of placing its nest of mud against the walls and ceilings in the interior of houses. When finished these nests look like handfuls of clay which have been thrown up at random and adhered; but inwardly they contain very smooth and regular cells, each containing a grub and a dozen or more of spiders. The construction of these nests, which we have observed with great minuteness, is performed by the Dauber bringing little pellets of clay in her mouth, about as large as peas, one after another, which she spreads and arranges with her jaws. Previously to closing up, she lays an egg in the bottom, and places over it from twelve to eighteen spiders, not killed, but rendered helpless. The grub spends its life in this dark and solitary prison, and when full-grown, having eaten the abdomens of all, or nearly all, the spiders, forms an oval cocoon of a brittle substance, and goes into pupa. The perfect fly, when evolved, gnaws its way through the mud-walls with its strong jaws, and for the first time beholds the light.

An English invention is announced, relating to the manufacture of a novel description of waterproof paper—applicable for numerous purposes where liquid-proof qualities, or paper with a glazed surface, is required. The process consists in applying to the surface of paper a mixture of copal or other varnish, and linseed oil, containing litharge, or oxide of lead. About equal quantities are used of the varnish and oil with the compound for making it dry readily, and the paper is coated on one or both sides with this mixture, either by hand or by passing it through a trough containing the mixture, and thence between flannel-covered rollers, so as to render the surface even and to remove the surplus mixture. After this, the coated paper is heated to about 160 or 190 degrees,

and removed when dry. After the paper is thus prepared—though the proportions above named may be considerably varied, according to the purpose in view—it is liquid-proof and water-proof, and may be used in such condition, or it may be grained, printed upon, etc., in colors, for subsequent use as table-covers, or for other ornamental and covering purposes, it being found peculiarly valuable in this way.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Consecrating the Grave of those Killed at Le Bourget.

On the 30th October, 1870, after a sharp battle, the Prussians recaptured Le Bourget, a little village to the north of Paris, which they had lost a few days before, and which was held by a gallant body of some 1,600 Mobiles. Of these, the commander, Baroche, and 313 of his men, were killed, and the remaining 1,200 taken prisoners and sent to Germany. The Parisians determined to celebrate the anniversary by a commemorative service consecrating the graves of those who died on the field of battle. Accordingly, on Oct. 30th ult., crowds of people flocked to the little village, and amongst them the surviving comrades of the dead, now returned from Germany. The little village church was decorated outside with palm festoons and tricolor trophies, while the inside was hung with black. In the centre aisle stood a catafalque with the uniforms and insignia of a Mobile and a Franc-Tireur laid upon it. The crowd was so great that numbers of people had to stop outside, where the well-known band of the *Garde Republicaine* also stood and played funeral marches. The Requiem Mass was chanted inside by the priests and chorists, headed by the Bishop of Limoges. This over, a procession was formed, and the crowd adjourned to the grave, which had been surrounded by a railing, and simply decorated with a few flowers and evergreens. A mast decorated with ambulance and tricolor flags, and bearing an escutcheon with the names of the regiments engaged, had also been erected at each corner.

Scene in a Cabaret in the North of France.

Some two months since, orders were issued to the Prefects of Departments in the North of France, enjoining them to compel the public-house keepers to stop the practice of laying written petitions on their tables for signature. In our engraving we have a representation of the scene in a rustic cabaret where two gendarmes come in to enforce the removal of the objectionable paper from the tap-room, when three or four sturdy Republicans seem disposed to resent this official interference. The mistress of the house very naturally points to the title "French Republic," at the head of M. Thiers's proclamation, displayed on the wall, and asks whether this interference with the sacred right of petition comes with a good grace from a Republican Government.

New Uniform of the French Republican Guard.

Among the changes which have been wrought by the late historical events in France, the Conquest, the Commune, the Republic, is a constant tendency to alter the forms as well as the names which those events have made distasteful to the present regime. One of the results of this tendency is exhibited in our engraving representing one of the new uniforms of the Republican Guard—that of the Cavalry in full dress.

Depositing the Elcho Challenge Shield at Guildhall.

This prize, as may be remembered, is competed for every year at Wimbledon, by the volunteer representatives of England, Scotland and Ireland. The English Eight has been successful seven times, and the Scottish, thrice; but, during the last two or three contests, the Irish marksmen ran their competitors very close. Two years ago the trophy was won by the Scottish Eight, who, for the time, placed it in the custody of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Last year the English being victorious, they resolved to follow the Scottish example, and asked the Lord Mayor (Alderman Besley) to take care of their prize. He agreed to do so, and it was kept in the Guildhall until its removal to Wimbledon. England having been again successful this Summer, the trophy, borne on a gun-carriage, was taken on Saturday, November 4th, along the Thames Embankment and Queen Victoria Street to the Guildhall by the eight competitors. At the Guildhall they were received by five of the City Corps, which mustered strongly, and by a detachment of the Honorable Artillery Company. On a raised dais at the eastern end were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and a number of visitors, including the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. On the arrival of the Eight with the trophy, the Volunteers presented arms, and the company raised a hearty cheer, which was renewed when the successful competitors, bearing the shield on their shoulders, advanced to the front of the dais, and saluted the Lord Mayor. Mr. Wells, M.P., then made a speech, the Lord Mayor responded, and the shield was restored to its accustomed place on the walls of the Guildhall.

Thursday Morning in the City—Any Change in the Bank Rate?

On Thursday, the Directors of the Bank of England meet for the purpose of determining the rate of discount. Their session generally ends by twelve o'clock, but on important occasions this becomes one o'clock, when the passages of the Bank are completely blocked with messengers, telegraph-boys, and clerks, waiting anxiously for the Court to rise. The betting is lively, for there is almost a threatened rebellion outside to induce the Bank to lower the rate, and opinions are evenly balanced; but prudence prevails, and the rate remains the same. When it is decided, a board is held up to view, and all rush off to be the first to make use of the knowledge. Those who have seen the board, refuse to tell those who have not seen it the secret they have learned, and, consequently, a great deal of chaffing is the result.

Celebration of the 5th of November in England.

The 5th of November is the anniversary of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, a conspiracy formed, in the reign of James I., to blow up the Parliament House. The conspirator whose duty it was to fire the train was one Guido Fawkes, an Italian, who was discovered, concealed in a cellar, in time to prevent the catastrophe. It has ever since been the custom to celebrate the day in England, especially among the children, by dressing up a figure in grotesque style, to represent Fawkes, from whom the popular word Guy is derived, and which is applied to any figure remarkable for grotesqueness or absurdity. Our engraving represents one of these popular demonstrations.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

WINAP-SKOOT, Chief of the Umatilla Indians, has given four dollars to the Wisconsin sufferers.

LOUISVILLE has a kindly way of treating show-people. It uniformly takes them in. The jail is now full.

JUDGES who on trifling pretexts are given to enjoin others, should reflect that they often thereby prevent others from enjoying themselves.

J. FISK, JR., has been heard to express his firm conviction that the present course of Mansfield is quite out of woman's field.

MRS. O'LEARY'S cow, that either did or didn't set Chicago on fire, has been bought on a speculation by two Louisville (Ky.) boys.

A STATUE has been raised to the celebrated Baptist, Robert Hall, Lord Lytton's idol and ideal, at Leicester, England.

A YOUNG woman was sent to a New Jersey jail a day or two ago for drunkenness. Once she was the belle of New Haven, Conn.

THE Empress Augusta liberally patronizes a German organization which originates new fashions in dress.

THE Orléans Princes have been successful in their application for the restoration of estates of which Louis Napoleon deprived them in 1852.

APPROPOS of the bishop and ex-rector of Christ Church, it seems strange that a Potter can't mold an ewer to his liking.

THE Birman ambassador is the bearer of a gold necklace, weighing ten pounds, as a present to Queen Victoria.

It is said that the health of Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is steadily declining, and there is scarcely a hope that he will live to the end of the year.

ROCHEFORT is to be confined on the island of Sainte-Marguerite, Provence, and will, it is said, occupy the same cell in which the Man in the Iron Mask was immured.

MRS. STANTON, widow of the late Edwin M. Stanton, resides in a fine mansion at Germantown, near Philadelphia. She has a yearly income from the "Stanton Fund" of \$7,000.

MR. CHARLES TRACY, son of a prominent citizen of Albany, N. Y., has been made knight of the order of St. Gregory by Pope Pius IX., for services rendered while in the Papal Zouaves.

Nor long ago an offer of \$500 was made by an Episcopalian for the best work entitled, "Best Religious Training for the Young," and Mrs. Ada Chapin, of Conway, Mass., took the money.

THE Pope has directed to be entered in the records of the Vatican the whole of his correspondence with foreign courts and his bishops in all parts of the world. This is usually done after the death of a Pope.

PROFESSOR FABER'S "talking-machine" is still drawing great crowds at Boston. Washington has, however, a great advantage over Boston in machines of that kind, Congress having just opened.

COUNT GUSTAV VON BLUCHER, grand-nephew of Field-Marshal Blücher, the hero of Waterloo, has returned to Washington from France, and requested to be reinstated in the regular army, from which he resigned to take part in the Franco-Prussian war.

THE death is announced of Mr. Charles Matthew, last surviving brother of the late Very Rev. Theobald Matthew, better known as "Father Matthew," who made such a stir in London many years ago as a temperance advocate.

THE home of the Cary sisters in New York is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Staats, old friends of theirs, who still keep up the pleasant Sunday evening reunions which were so popular when the sisters conducted them.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened in England for the benefit of the widow and daughters of Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*. Some of our jocosely pictorial, whose most worthy witticisms have been borrowed from that paper, have now an opportunity to contribute some acknowledgment.

MR. BANCROFT DAVIS is catching it from all quarters on account of the imperfections of his statement prepared for the Geneva Conference. With such a puzzling affair before him, however, his sufficient answer might be "*Davis sum, non Edipus*," and, if the idea is of any use to him, it is at his service.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Vittoria Emmanuel Theatre, to be built at Rome, will be roofed in with engraved and colored glass, so that day as well as night performances may take place.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH commenced his annual season at his theatre on the evening of December 4th, appearing in "Hamlet." His audience was, as ever, large, refined, and attentive.

THEODORE THOMAS is to give a series of concerts with his famed orchestra, at Stedway Hall, early in January. In addition to this treat, Miss Anna Mehlig will be the principal solo pianist.

MRS. MOULTON, who achieved such a remarkable success in New York, is meeting with equal approbation in the South. Last week she was singing at Memphis, Tenn., attracting by her excellent voice the beauty and talent of the city.

"DON GIOVANNI," played for the first time for thirteen years at Trieste, has been hissed off the stage, because Mozart was a German. It will be recollected that Trieste is a portion of the Austrian dominions, and very Italian in composition.

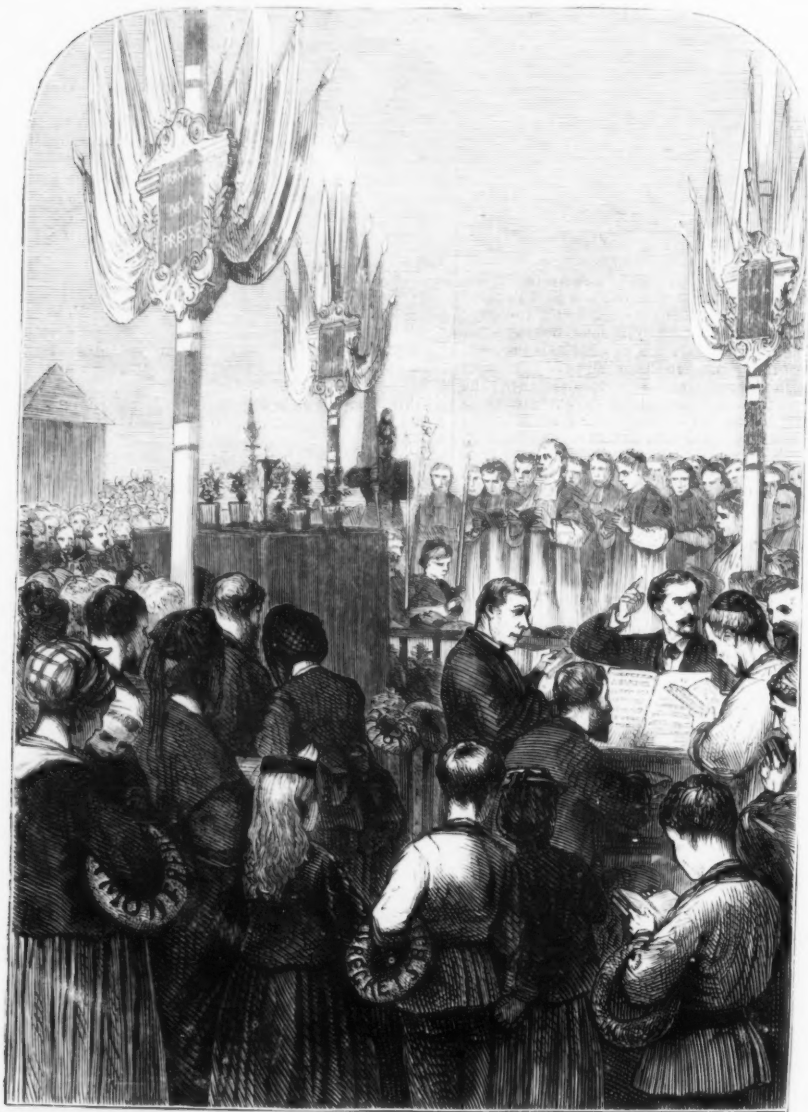
A STRANGE lawsuit is going on in Brussels, in which Delvil, a theatrical lessee, is the defendant, and one Dabert is the complainant. The latter sues for \$4,000, asserted value of the services of his wife, who was some time since burnt to death in the defendant's theatre.

THE more *Lord Dundreary* seeks his brother Sam, the greater are the crowds that flock to Niblo's to witness the greetings, should the absent one be found. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Sothern must soon give way to the tinsel, paint, red fire, and other accompaniments of the "Black Crook."

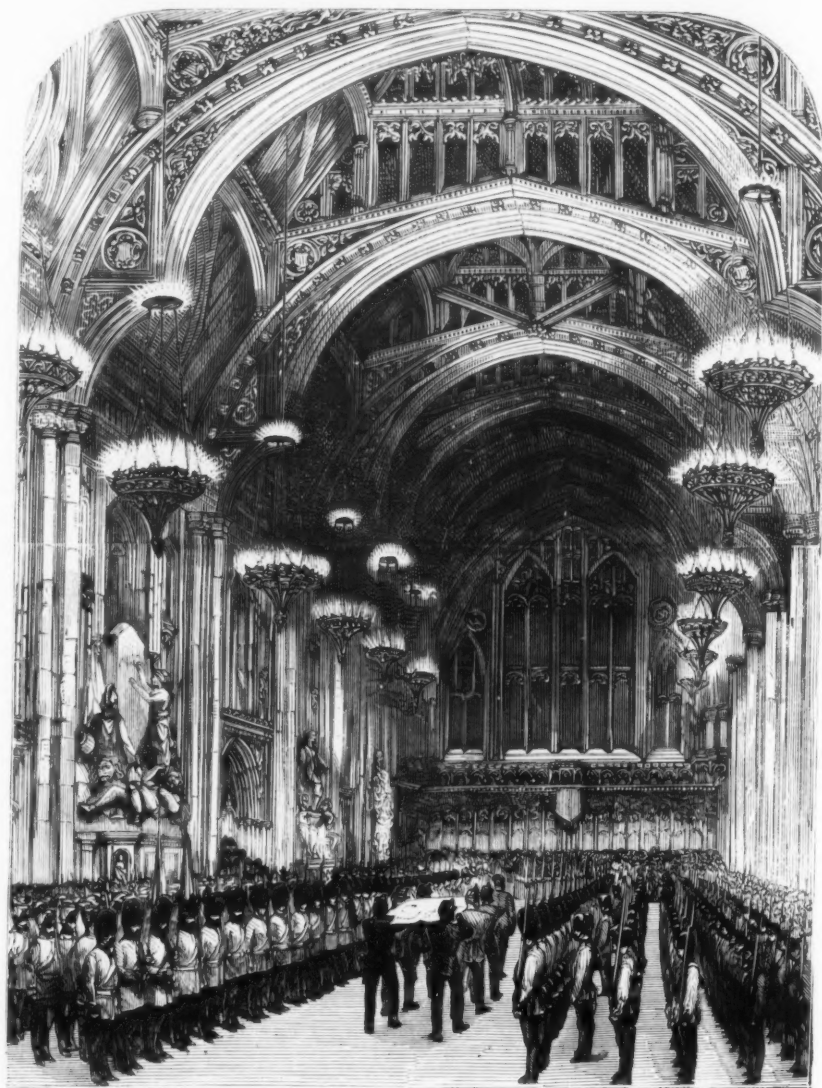
JOHN BROUGHAM'S dramatization of "Our Mutual Friend" was presented for the first time in this country on Monday evening, December 4th, at the Brooklyn Theatre, under the name of "Gold Dust." The dramatist has supplied the story with incidents necessary for an agreeable stage representation; and the name of Mr. Brougham, who appeared as *Boffin*, is sufficient to guarantee an interesting, lively, and profitable production.

AMONG the new collection of vocal and instrumental music, and particularly appropriate to the holiday season, the editions of Novello, Ewer & Co., of New York, are by far the most attractive we have seen. This is the most favorable opportunity the public has ever had of obtaining the choicest music bound in the highest style, and interspersed with illustrations engraved by the celebrated Dalziel Brothers. Two works—"Christmas Carols" and "National Nursery Rhymes"—are exquisitely finished, and afford a valuable and complete repertoire for songs with which to welcome the new year.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—ANNIVERSARY DECORATION OF THE GRAVES OF THE MOBILES, FALLEN AT LE BOURGET.



ENGLAND.—DEPOSITING THE ELCHO CHALLENGE SHIELD AT GUILDHALL, LONDON.



FRANCE.—SUPPRESSING THE RIGHT OF PETITION—A SCENE IN A CABARET IN THE NORTH.



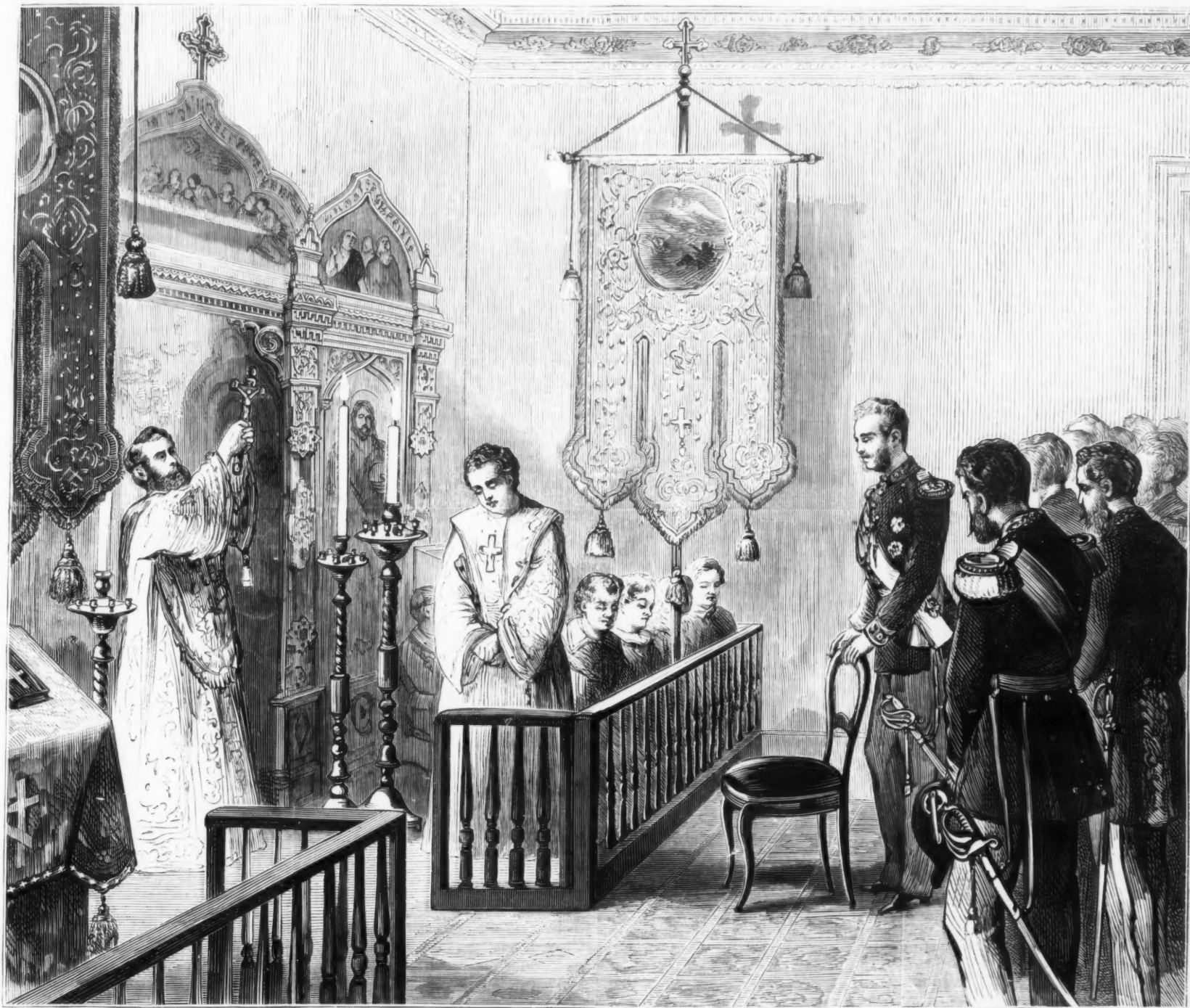
ENGLAND.—THURSDAY MORNING AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND—ANY CHANGE IN THE BANK RATE?



FRANCE.—NEW UNIFORM OF THE REPUBLICAN GUARD—CAVALRY IN FULL DRESS.



ENGLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, ANNIVERSARY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ATTENDING THE SERVICES OF THE GREEK CHURCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY, AT THE CHAPEL IN SECOND AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 235.

THE LAST SPANISH CONQUEST.

AGAIN our duty to the public compels us to record the horrible butchery of eight beardless boys by the military assassins, yclept "volunteers," at Havana.

The heart grows faint as the eye scans the particulars of the many flagrant outrages perpetrated on the inoffensive, upon the plea of military necessity. It seems that, on Thursday, November 23d, a party of medical students visited an old cemetery, long since given up as a burying-place, and while strolling about, were detected by one of the volunteer soldiers—from the like of whom the Lord deliver any people—who made some insulting remarks to the boys, which they retorted. The volunteer staid some time, and passing by the niche in which the body of Castañon—whom the Spaniards venerate as a political martyr, and who was killed by the Cubans in Key West—is deposited, noticed that the glass which covers the end of the niche was marked, apparently with a diamond, and that some letters uncomplimentary to Castañon had been scribbled on it. The volunteer called the attention of the curate to the fact, and rushing out, returned with several companions. This was the whole offense that had been committed. The boys had not even been near the niche of Castañon, but as they happened to frequent the cemetery, using it partly as a playground, and partly for the collection of human bones for the study of osteology, they were accused and arrested. On Monday a court-martial was convened, composed, first, of all the officers of the regular army; but as they refused to find cause

for trial, another was subsequently assembled, which belonged body and soul to the volunteers. The poor victims were drafted or chosen by lot, one out of every five. The oldest of the eight was not eighteen years of age, and one was under fourteen; and although all communication with any of the forty-two has been impossible since, it has been proved that, of the eight executed, three at least had not been in the cemetery. The thirty-one not sentenced to death by lot were condemned to the chain-gang for periods varying from two to ten years; and the sentences of these latter were carried into such immediate execution, that they appeared with their hair cut short, in convicts' dress, and guarded by armed volunteers, at the murdering of their classmates, which they were forced to witness.

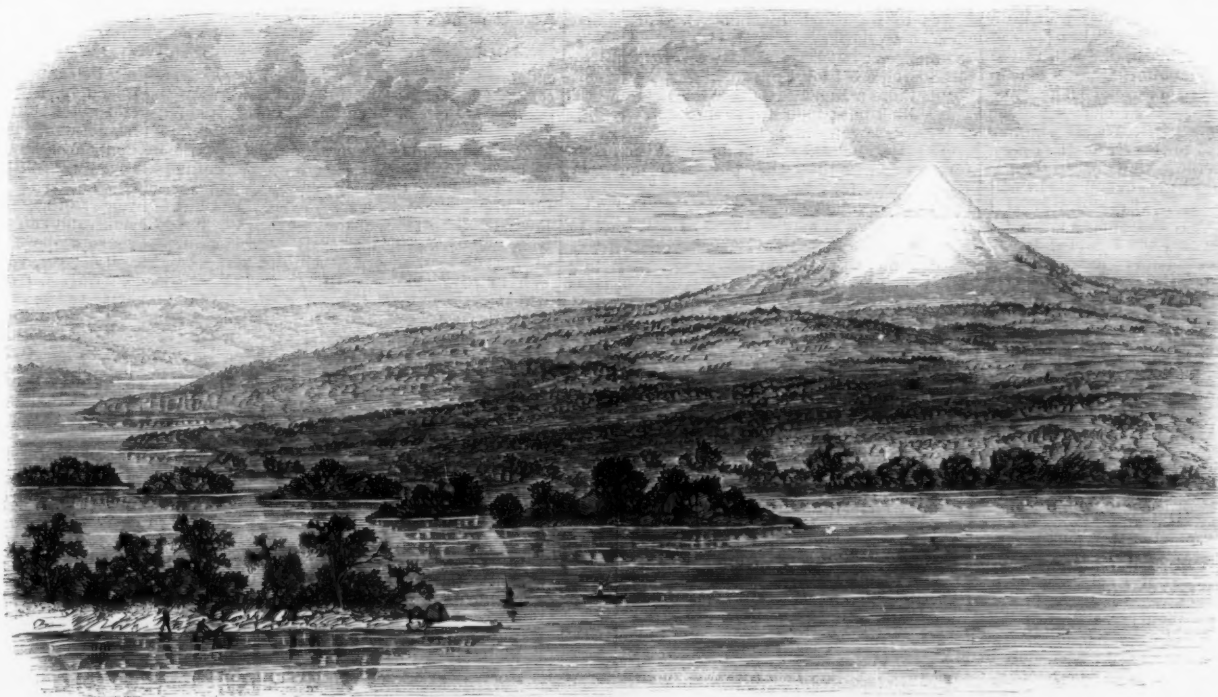
At four o'clock in the afternoon, a detachment of volunteers was seen to issue from the jail, closely followed by several priests, by the students sentenced to death, and by the commander of the place, Colonel Villalonga. Not a sound was heard, the young men thus cruelly sentenced to meet an early and sudden death marching firmly forward. They knelt down, muttering a prayer, the firing party of the volunteers was drawn up in order, the command to make ready was almost whispered, the commanding officer of the volunteers turning his head aside to hide his emotion. Then came another short command to take aim, immediately followed by the fatal word "fire," when all were seen lying on the ground, four motionless, and four in the last agonies, from which kindly bullets relieved them.

Such are the details of the murder. when we read that the assassins marched through the city—a mob feared by all local authorities—shouting, "Death to the students!" and demanding the right to discharge their rifles at pleasure; when we know that many students, arrayed in the obnoxious costume of the chain-gang, are now sweeping the streets of Havana, by the decree of this model court-martial; when we are assured that the bodies of the youthful victims were denied their relatives for ordinary Christian burial; and when, as a consequence of the murders, fathers, mothers, sisters, and relatives are shrieking throughout the city—hopeless cases of insanity—every sympathetic feeling is wrought to the highest pitch of indignation, and an appalled civilization joins in the cry: "Good God! how long?"

At this rate, the volunteers in Havana will far surpass the Communists of Paris in atrocity.

MOUNT HOOD, OREGON.

The Columbia River, throughout the greater part of its course, is remarkable for the number, variety, and beauty of its cascades. We have, in previous issues of this journal, given views of the diversified scenery in this locality, representing the falls in all their dash and danger. We now turn from a strictly marine view to a survey of a prominent peak of that long chain of mountains which skirts, as an invulnerable fortress, our Pacific shore. The Sierra Nevada Mountains of California virtually extend far up in Russian America, and form the highest point of land in North America, Mount St. Elias reaching the altitude of 17,900 feet. That



OREGON.—MOUNT HOOD, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

portion of this range within the limits of Oregon has received the name of Cascade, from the peculiar feature of the Columbia River, which, with its tributaries, drains an immense stretch of territory.

Mount Hood, the eminence before us, is situated between the Columbia and Deschutes Rivers, rising with a gentle sweep from the banks of both streams, and falling away on the other sides in picture-que undulations, until the rib-like surface swells into neighborly peaks.

BY THE SEA.

UNDER those waves, for all their tranquil seeming,
Are graves by no low fragrant winds caress'd;
The ocean pearls and buried treasures gleaming
Above their place of rest.

In their cool depths lie wrecks thought cannot number
Not softly covered o'er with daisied turf;
The seaweed tangled round their place of slumber;
Their dirge, the moaning surf.

Our human hearts, freighted with wealth unspoken,
Are launched upon thy changeable tides, O life!
To find their port at last, sore, spent and broken
With hours of storm and strife.

Into thy gulfs, through nights of tempest, throwing
Our precious things, earth's priceless dower of love,
And all the while, the deep, dark waters flowing
Relentlessly above.

Smiles wreath the rosy lips, light up the faces,
Like those blue waves that ripple o'er the dead,
While memory wanders through the empty places
Whence light and joy have fled.

Forth from our childhood's flow'ry vales outailing,
Never again its happy shores to see,
All tempest-toss'd, we reach, with spirit failing,
The land where we would be.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DORR," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE POWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. MARSHAM CALLS.

"I wish I had never seen the man!" Maud muttered, impatiently, the next day, when Mr. Marsham's card, together with that of his married sister, Mrs. Pelton, was brought her. "Did you say I was at home, James?"

James had said his mistress was at home.

"What a nuisance it is! Why couldn't you have denied me? You knew I didn't want to see any one to-day." Maud was not unjust or unreasonable, as a rule. But it is such a strong temptation to blame those who can't retort, when one is put out. And to say the truth, Maud was very seriously put out by this premonitory rumble of the earthquake.

Why should he have come so soon, and why should he have brought with him that stiff sister of his? "People always will have payment for their civilities," she grumbled, with unconscious egotism. "Because he was kind to me yesterday, he forces himself on me to-day."

She went in a very bad mood to see these guests of hers. She went at her worst, and her worst "was very fair to see," the man who had come to call on her thought. For, though Maud came in with a little pettish expression of dissatisfaction on her face, it vanished before her guests had time to settle what it was. For Maud was a gentlewoman—one of the order that always bows the knee to King Courtesy.

"My brother and I could not control our impatience to hear how you were, after your little misadventure of yesterday," Mrs. Pelton pressed to the fore with this remark, and was rather more gushing in her friendliness than was consistent with the reticence of the day before. She had learnt who and what Miss Mohan was. The change was perfectly natural. We are all of us more prone to be kind to those who don't need our kindness than to those who do.

"The only part of my little adventure (I won't call it a misadventure) that I regret, is, that I should have troubled Mr. Marsham so much."

Maud made this speech, and repented herself of it immediately. The man was too provoking. He seized the small opportunity she thus gave to reiterate his assurances of "the pleasure, the happiness," she had conferred upon him by allowing him to be her escort, and thus enabling him to make the most delightful acquaintance he had ever made in his life.

"An acquaintance which I trust, Miss Mohan, you will allow us to improve at once," Mrs. Pelton pleaded. "I see you are fond of ferns, and my brother happens to have some that are not in your collection, I observe. Do give us the pleasure of your company to luncheon on Friday, that I may show them to you."

On Friday! and this was Thursday. How very important and precipitate these people were in their friendship, she thought.

"You are very kind, but I am engaged to-morrow—unfortunately."

The last word lagged so far behind the rest of the sentence, that it did not sound in the least like a regret. But Mrs. Pelton would not be quick to take offense.

"Shall we say Saturday, then? or the first day that you are free? You shall name your own day."

Finding herself left without a loophole, Maud felt that it would be as well to go, and get it over, so she agreed to lunch with them on Saturday. Whereupon Mr. Marsham's face expressed unqualified delight.

How angry she felt with them for staying on after this! "I believe the man would have the good taste to go, if it were not for his odious sister," Maud thought, as Mrs. Pelton proceeded to go into quiet, well-bred raptures with the artistic appearance of Miss Mohan's drawing-room.

"It is a triumph of artistic taste. I am sure you paint. No one who had not a good eye for, and a thorough knowledge of, colors and form, could have arranged a room as this is arranged."

"I do not paint," Maud answered, coldly.

"How charming some of the oak-paneled rooms in your house would look, furnished in this style, Arthur," Mrs. Pelton said, adroitly dragging her brother into the conversation.

"Does the woman want to drag me and furniture there bodily at once?" Maud thought, with angry, glowing cheeks.

"It is easy enough to procure this style of furniture now," she said, coldly.

"Oh! yes, in Wardour Street. Take my advice, Arthur, and go to Wardour Street."

"The furniture that is in it already is good enough for a poor old bachelor," Mr. Marsham said, with a little effort to speak in a gay and debonaire way.

"Mine came from all points of the compass," Maud resumed. "I am always picking up things. I have a horror of going in a cold-blooded way and buying everything that I want at once."

"The result of your plan, whatever it may be, is, that your house is a perfect paradise," Mrs. Pelton was saying suavely, when "Sir Edward Maskelyne" was announced.

Could anything have been more unfortunate? There was something so ridiculous about this sudden intimacy, that Maud did not want to have it flaunted before the eyes of her old friend. It added to her annoyance, too, to see that the two men eyed each other in that kind of defiantly-suspicious way in which two strange dogs glare at one another the first time they meet.

"Ted might as well be easy and natural," Maud thought, indignantly, forgetting how entirely the reverse of easy and natural she was herself. "It can be nothing to him, these people being here; they won't want to force their friendship upon him."

The cruelest cut of all was given to her when her unwelcome guests were going. Mrs. Pelton had sailed out of the room after an effusive farewell, and Mr. Marsham lingered behind—actually had the audacity to linger behind, and murmur in a low tone an assertion that he "should look forward impatiently to the happiness that was in store for him on Saturday."

"Who are your friends, Maud?" Sir Edward asked the question with that sort of constraint which is apt to appear in the manner of men when they feel aggrieved, and know that they have no right to be so.

"Friends! They are not friends, exactly," she began hesitatingly, and he put in:

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Maud; I thought they were rather particular friends. They appeared to be rather intimate."

"I'm sure I don't know how they could be," Maud said, fretfully. "Some people become intimate with one, whether one wishes it or not, you know, and I rather think Mrs. Pelton must belong to that order. I'll tell you how I know them." And then she went on to relate to him what had befallen her the day before.

"And you don't know who they are?"

"I know nothing more about them than I have told you, Ted."

"It's rather a case of entering in where angels might fear to tread. I think—at least from my point of view—you're rash to go to luncheon with people who are utterly unknown to you; he may turn out to be an escaped convict, or a cad who makes his money behind the counter."

"I've no fear of that, Ted," she said, dryly. "I trust I know a gentleman when I see one. Unquestionably, Mr. Marsham impressed me as being a gentleman."

"I came down specially to ask you to come and spend the day with my mother on Saturday."

"Now, Ted, this is unlucky. If I had divined I was to be asked, I should so gladly have pleaded a prior engagement, and got off going to luncheon; but I hadn't a flash of inspiration, and so you see I must even go."

"Is there a Mrs. Marsham?"

"I think not; indeed, I'm sure not."

"How are you sure?"

"Because he said something about the furniture he had in the house already, being quite good enough for a poor old bachelor."

"Deuced vulgar way of speaking about himself; however, of course, I've no right at all to interfere with your friendships."

"No, no right, Ted, even if it were a friendship; but this is not that—it's only a mere acquaintanceship."

"It's not a friendship yet, perhaps?"

"No, not yet."

"Heaven only knows, though, how soon it may be something more. The middle-aged gentleman seems impulsive."

"How very unpleasant you are to-day, Ted? let us talk of something else. I didn't find myself a wail and stray at Mr. Marsham's rate by design; he was kind to me—why should he be reviled for his kindness?"

"Not for his kindness, but for his cheek in calling here so soon."

"If he were my lover he couldn't be more masterful," poor Maud thought, fretfully. "Why should he dictate to, and domineer over me?" And the thought brought a transient expression of annoyance to her face, that he misinterpreted.

"Forgive me, Maud," he spoke humbly, and she, who was always so ready to forgive him, felt that, after all, a masterful manner from Ted

was better to bear than an indifferent one would have been. Perhaps, though, it would be well not to let him see this too plainly. "For now that friendly relations are re-established between us, it would be too painful to have them broken up," she decided within her own mind.

"The next time you want to wander half over the country on horseback, perhaps you'll let me be your escort?" he suggested.

"Yes; I shall like to ride with you—"

She was on the brink of saying, "again," but stopped herself just in time. There was danger in any allusion to former practices.

"And on Monday I'll go up and see your mother, and, if you're there, Ted, I will tell you about my visit to the Marsham camp."

"That Mrs. Pelton is an odious woman, I know; her words run on in an oily stream that has a strong flavor of perfidy about it. I hate the type."

"How prejudiced you are, Ted! You don't suppose she will put poison in my soup, do you?"

"No. Of course I've a right, as I said before, to offer an opinion; but as an old friend, Maud, I would advise you to fight shy of these miscellaneous acquaintanceships—I would, indeed."

"He is getting to care for me in the old way again," this was Maud's reflection by-and-by, when she had said good-by to him, and he had gone out from her presence after giving her one of those long, lingering glances that men do bestow on women whom they love. He is getting to care for me in the old way again—am I glad or sorry?"

The visit to the Marsham camp was not so entirely unsatisfactory as she had made up her mind that it should be. She found that her host was a cultivated gentleman—a well-bred, well-read man, who had traveled much, and traveled with his eyes open. True, Mrs. Pelton oppressed her by the way in which she tried to trot out the various "art-treasures" my brother has brought home." But the brother himself was so adroit in saving her from being bored, that she could but be grateful to him. He talked well, and treated Maud as an intelligent woman, whose opinions on various topics of the day were worth extracting and listening to. Additionally, he abstained from making love to her. And for these things Maud was grateful.

"I do like him, and I do hope that I shall see him again," she thought as she drove home. "I wish he had a wife as nice as himself, of whom I could make a friend."

A vain wish, Maud! Men rarely have wives as "nice as themselves" in the estimation of the women who have known and liked them before they married.

Let us take a glance at Mr. Marsham after Maud drove away that afternoon. He had come back from handing her to her carriage, and stood at the window watching her down the avenue. Presently his sister said, in a tone of suppressed impatience:

"Well, Arthur?"

"Well!" he replied, thoughtfully.

"Really, is that all you have to say on the subject?"

"What subject?"

"What subject! Why, Miss Mohan, to be sure; you have gone on all your life throwing away opportunities, and now, when one is, provisionally, I'm sure, put in your way, you won't exert yourself to make the most of it; this house ought to have a mistress, Arthur, and I can't stay here for ever."

"And you think that I ought to have the audacity to ask that sweet, bright creature, who has crossed my path like a sunbeam, to be the mistress of this house, and the wife of a man old enough to be her father?"

"Like a sunbeam! Nonsense! She's just a pretty, lovely woman, nothing more; and as to your being old enough to be her father, that's quite a mistake—she's not a girl!"

"She's not a woman to be lightly wooed, or easily won; I'm sure of that."

"As to being lightly wooed, I don't know what you mean; I should never advise you to go dippantly to work—a man of your age, it would be absurd, of course; but I certainly should advise you to cultivate Miss Mohan's acquaintance, and in due course of time ask her to be your wife. She evidently has money; she is a lady, and seems to have a very clear idea of household management. I don't think you can do better, Arthur."

"Don't you, really?" he answered, dryly: "do you know I should about as soon think of proposing for the hand of the Queen?"

"Then, why on earth did you worry me to call on her and get her here? I thought, of course, you meant something. I don't want to enlarge my circle. I've no patience with you, Arthur."

And he had no patience with himself. In his great humility he felt that he was presumptuous in holding the image of this radiant creature in his breast, in secrecy even. The dart of love had gone straight to his heart, but it had been sent there unconsciously by such a queen among women, that he believed it behaved him to pluck it out in silence. The way in which his sister took it for granted that he should dare to aspire to Maud Mohan's love in return, staggered him.

"I must keep a tremendous watch on myself," he told himself this, in the first violence of the shock it was to him to hear his sister speak so broadly on the subject of Miss Mohan. Essentially a modest-minded man, his natural diffidence of disposition had been increased by a disappointment in early life. A girl he loved had played him cruelly false, and her faithfulness had made him distrust his own powers of winning and holding, instead of causing him to hate or distrust her sex.

But though he resolved that he would keep a strict watch over his heart, he soon found himself calling again on Maud Mohan. "Thou drawest me, thou drawest me!" he muttered, when he got into her precincts. "What an old fool I am, to be sure!"

It was almost a relief to him, on the occasion

of this second visit, that the lady who lived with Miss Mohan should have remained in the room with them the whole time. She was the same widow lady who had come to Maud when the latter began her task of consoling poor Gertrude, and now Maud had come to look upon her as a dear friend—a dear, trustworthy, honest friend! But for all that, not one to whom Miss Mohan opened the secrets of her heart.

But though her presence was a relief, at the time, he girded against it after he had taken his departure. He was quite sure that it was the presence of that third person which had checked the flow of conversation, and rendered it stilted.

In order to assure himself that he had been correct in this deduction, he took an early opportunity of calling again.

Every one knows how imperceptible the process of "getting into the habit" of an agreeable acquaintance is. Maud quickly ceased to marvel at Mr. Marsham's appearance in her drawing-room two or three times a week, and soon fell into the way of greeting him very cordially, and showing that she was glad to see him. It pleased her to hear him say, in his simple, frank way, that he was a better and a happier man since he had known her. It pleased her that he should openly avow her to be superior to every other woman he had ever known.

(To be continued.)

THE WAGER;

OR,

HOW ABEL PITCAIRN WAS SOLD.

CHAPTER I.—SOMETHING ABOUT ABEL PITCAIRN.

ABEL PITCAIRN was a merchant in Fourth Street, Philadelphia. He kept a dry-goods store, and was quite wealthy. He was middle-aged, gloomy, taciturn, close-fisted. He opposed the war, and every measure calculated to sustain it. Not a cent should they have of his for Christian or Sanitary Commissions, Cooper-shop Institutes, or Corn Exchange Regiments. Not a cent for Soldiers' Fairs or Ward Bounties.

He was out of the draft, was a State's-rights man, and believed that secession was proper—constitutional—the best thing for the country in the end. He, however, invested largely in Government bonds, and took shares in the First National Bank.

He was ugly and ungainly. His shoulders were stooped, and his voice was cracked. He knew this, and never intruded on the fair sex. He often built air-castles of a cozy home, a young wife, chatty children, etc.; but they were merely far-away dreams. He was too timorous to take a step toward their realization.

He was, nevertheless, a shrewd, watchful, systematic business man. Had he not been, he would not have grown so rich. He boarded at the Merchants' Hotel. It was near his store, and he was fond of good living. He was too stingy to visit places of amusement, and too drowsy to appreciate a lecture, so he generally spent his evenings at the hotel, enjoying his cigar and the daily papers.

CHAPTER II.—ABEL PITCAIRN MAKES A BET.

ONE evening in May, word came to his room at the hotel that a lady was waiting in the parlor to see him. He shoved back his sparse locks, put on a clean collar, drew his neck-tie into shape, and went down. It was only his cousin, Ellen Stacy, a wild, high-spirited, good-natured girl.

"Good-evening, Cousin Abel," she said, holding out her dainty little hand.

Pitcairn seized it with a sort of shiver.

"I want some money," said Miss Stacy.

"Money?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"The Sanitary Commission."

"You came straight to your errand."

"I couldn't help it, Cousin Abel. You brought me to it, by direct questions. I thought you would like that. You are so precise, so business-like, yourself. I want two hundred and fifty dollars."

"You won't get it."

"One hundred dollars?"

"Not a cent. Look here, cos. You have known me long enough, and my sentiments also. Similar errands have turned out fruitless."

"But I was delegated to come to you, Cousin Abel."

"Delegated by whom, or what? I don't care if you have a commission from Gabriel, the trumpeter, himself! You are a saucy, good-for-nothing, confoundedly pretty girl. You know that you are pretty. You presume upon it. Now, if you want fifty dollars for a cloak, or a shawl, or a hat, or something of that kind, say so, and you shall have the money. But, for Commissions, and Fairs, and Corn Exchange, and Save-your-own-bacon Regiments—nary red!"

"Oh, yes, you will, cos!"

"Oh, no, I won't, cos!"

"I tell you what I will do," said Miss Stacy.

"Well?"

"Give me fifty dollars."

"You shall have it. But you must spend it on yourself."

"I swear I will."

"Here they are."

"Thank you, Cousin Abel. This is entirely my own?"

"Yes—for the purpose mentioned."

"Very well. Now, I will bet you—though it is wrong to bet—these fifty dollars that you will give five hundred dollars to the Sanitary Commission before a month has expired."

"Done!" cried Pitcairn.

John Brady, a mutual friend, just then came into the room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Brady," said Miss Stacy.

"Here, you must be stakeholder."

"What is the matter now?"

"Cousin Abel and I have a bet. I bet him

fifty dollars that he will give five hundred dollars to the Sanitary Commission within thirty days."

"You will lose," said John Brady.
"We will see. It is my own money."
"I gave it to her," said Pitcairn.
"For shame, cos, to say that! There are the fifty dollars, Mr. Brady. If I win, you are to pay me one hundred dollars."
"And if you lose?" asked Pitcairn, confidently.

"Put up your money," replied Miss Stacy.
Pitcairn did so, and John Brady stowed the greenbacks away in his pocketbook.
"I am out shop ing, Mr. Brady."
"Come along, then."

"I will not carry more than a dozen bundles."
"Yes you will—and me, too, if I give out. By-the-by, didn't you promise to give me one hundred dollars for the Sanitary Commission?"
"I have no recollection of it."

"Perhaps you have a bad memory. If you did not promise, you ought to promise."
"It seems to me I did promise," said Brady, laughing, and pretending to jog his memory.
"Put me down for that much, anyhow."

"Thank you. Good-by, Cousin Abel."
The two went out of the private entry of the hotel, laughing and chatting gaily.

A week after the wager, Abel Pitcairn sat alone in his counting-room. Three letters were lying on the desk before him. He picked them up and read them in the order received, for the twentieth time. Here they are:

CHAPTER III.—THE FIRST LETTER.

ABEL PITCAIRN: I am about to write to you. You know me not. I know you well, and there I have the advantage of you. I need not tell you that I am a woman; a glance at the chirography will tell you that. Ain't it neat? But perhaps you are not familiar with the handwriting of women?

Now, I am not writing to you to excite your curiosity—at least not to excite your curiosity in me. I only wish to proffer some advice—to direct your thoughts in a channel less morbid, less bitter, less selfish than that in which they now run. What are you tugging and toiling and wasting away your life for? Not to grow rich, because you are rich, and are rich, years ago.

Your parents are dead. Your sister is well settled. Brother you have none. Wife, ditto. Now, why don't you get a wife? Wouldn't she make you happy? Wouldn't you have clearer, truer views of life—of your duties and responsibilities? Something worth toiling and hoarding for?

Now comes the advice I have to proffer. Get yourself a wife, and that quickly. It must be horrid to go down to the grave with never a woman to shed a tear for one! Ponder over what I have said, and in the meantime overlook the seeming impertinence of

JESSIE JOYCELIN.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SECOND LETTER.

ABEL PITCAIRN: It is two days since I wrote to you. Have you considered my advice? In forty-eight hours you could have made up your mind, and in forty-eight more, a proposal.

Well, you have made up your mind to get married. Of course, somebody must be found for you to get married to. I guess, therein lies the rub. How many of your lady acquaintances have you thought of, dropping them on after the other, as not just the thing? At least a score, I'll wager.

But you must not do that, or you will never be suited. Women are not perfect. Perhaps it is better that they are not—better for the men, at least. Now, go over the list again, and see if you cannot be suited after all. I shall write to you again.

JESSIE JOYCELIN.

CHAPTER V.—THE THIRD LETTER.

ABEL PITCAIRN: My former visits have set you to thinking. You cannot deny that you did not catch this up with more than ordinary interest. Well, you have gone over the list again, and are still unsatisfied. Now, let me help you. You will at least admire my bluntness. If you find you cannot suit yourself—take me. I present myself for examination and approval. I have the following qualifications to offer:

Youth—against Old Age.
Freshness—against Stagnation.
Beauty—against Ugliness.
Vivacity—against Sombreness.
Plumpness—against Gauntness.
Poverty—against Riches.

How do you like the summary? How do you like it in apposition? Of my history I shall tell you nothing. Of my character I shall tell you nothing.

Let us come to an interview. I profess to be a merchantable article. I will be to you a kind, agreeable wife. I will make your bed, cook your meals, sew on your buttons, and preside in your house with dignity, watchfulness and decorum. I will love you, if that be possible.

In return, you are to give me a home. You are to humor my whims, dress me well, give me plenty of pin-money, and love me, if that be possible.

You may consider this a queer marriage contract, wherein love is secondary—a matter of indifferent consideration. But there are stranger things than that in the world. There are also plenty of such contracts. Love may be thrown in eventually.

Do not think me brazen-faced, unwomanly. I have made a candid statement. I want a home. I am poor. I have no work. Shall I turn down the pathway of darkness and shame? You can save me, and you will save me.

You know you have no attractions; you know that you are too timorous to woo a woman after the ordinary method. Can you not

then appreciate the advances, the proposition I have made?

I will be in Franklin Square, at the fountain, at six o'clock on Saturday evening next. If you will pass around the fountain, with one glove on and the other in your right hand, at that hour, I will let you know that I am

JESSIE JOYCELIN.

"Confound this woman!" muttered Abel Pitcairn. "She interests me wonderfully. Let me see. This is Saturday afternoon. It is five o'clock. I have a notion to meet her. I will meet her!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

ABEL PITCAIRN, glove in hand, walked around the fountain in Franklin Square. Before he made the circuit, a woman rose up from one of the seats.

"I am Jessie Joycelin," she said.
Pitcairn looked sharply at her. She was young, and beautiful, and neatly dressed.

"Let us find a seat," said he. "I received your letters."

"Did you?" spoken in a low, sweet voice, that blessed thing in woman.

Pitcairn drew on his glove, looked across the square, and then into his companion's face.

"I came to meet you," he said.
"Did you?"

"Yes," indignantly. "You wish me to take the initiative."

"I told you that I was a merchantable article. I told you that I was young. Am I?"

"Yes."

"Handsome?"

"Yes."

"Plump?"

"Yes."

"Lively?"

"Yes."

"Poor?"

"I don't know about that. But let us not be ridiculous. What do you want me to do?"

"To marry me, if agreeable to you. The preliminaries were all settled by letter, so far as I am concerned."

"I do not know what to say, Miss Joycelin; I must have time to consider. Remember, I have never met you before; I know nothing about you."

"Take your own time. You will secure a wife, and I will secure a home. So far, that is plain."

"Perhaps you want a home more than I do a wife?"

"That is probable. I want a home very much."

"What is your name?"

"Jessie Joycelin."

"No, no—your real name?"

"Jessie Joycelin."

"Where were you born?"

"That I shall not tell you. Nothing of the past nor the present. On those considerations you came to meet me."

"I know you said so. But is birth nothing? character nothing? religious training nothing? I want to view the matter in as much of a business light as yourself, if I can; but these are necessary considerations."

"So is love, then—of which I have none. Neither have you. I will make you a kind, agreeable wife. That is the stipulation."

"But you may be somebody else's wife already." No answer.

"I do not want to be entrapped."

"You want a wife, though (said somewhat savagely). I will not entrap you. You might be somebody else's husband."

"But I am not."

"I am glad to hear it."

"There is something decidedly Frenchy about this, Miss Joycelin."

"Is there! How do you like me?"

"That I shall not tell you—just yet. But suppose you were everything that I could wish or demand, why would you marry a gloomy old man like me?"

"To secure a home. So I have answered repeatedly."

"But why do you not apply to a younger man?"

"I will do that if you refuse me. Can you not comprehend? This is leap-year, and has its privileges. I have qualifications you have not. They must off-set your wealth. I will be your servant, your slave, if so you wish."

"I am nonplussed."

"We have talked enough."

"Oh, no, Miss Joycelin. I like to hear you talk. There is a freshness about everything you say."

"Do not commit yourself."

"That is what you desire me to do."

"That is why I met you. How do you like me now?"

"This time I will answer. I like you very well."

"We will drive a bargain. Meet me here at this time to-morrow evening. Read my last letter over. I will do all I promised therein."

"Make my bed?"

"Hush!"

"Sew on my buttons?"

"You are making fun of me."

"Cook my meals?"

"I must go, Mr. Pitcairn."

"Are you in want?"

"I did not say as much."

"You intimated as much."

"Did I?"

"Yes. Take this."

"It is fifty dollars!"

"That is what I intended it to be. Good-evening."

"Stop, Mr. Pitcairn. I recall my other appointment. Meet me here this day a week."

"That is rather long."

"At six in the evening."

CHAPTER VII.—THE SECOND INTERVIEW.

A WEEK later, Abel Pitcairn met Jessie Joycelin in Franklin Square, as per appointment. He was dressed with more than usual neatness,

and evidently calculated upon producing a favorable impression. Jessie looked remarkably well, and remarkably modest.

"The weather favors our interviews," said Pitcairn, seating himself.

"So it seems," said Jessie.

"Was the last one pleasant to you?"

"The last what?"

"The last interview."

"Oh! You gave me fifty dollars."

"Do you expect another fifty?"

"No."

"Would you refuse it?"

"Try me."

"Will you take me to your house?"

"I have no house."

"To where you reside—or stay, if that suits you better?"

"I will not."

"Bluntly spoken. But this is too public a place. I cannot carry on a courtship here."

"You can retire, Mr. Pitcairn. You will not be disgraced by being seen with me. What has courtship to do with the matter? Let that come in afterward. Courtship! And you fifty years old, if a day!"

"Miss Joycelin, I admire you. I am much taken with you. I may be persuaded to marry you. But you know that I will be going it blind—most emphatically so."

"In what way?"

"I know nothing whatever about you."

"Oh, yes, you do. I have been straightforward in all my answers. You refer to my character again. Can you not have faith in me? There would be something sublime about it."

"I do not want to be sublime. I want to be practical."

Just then a gentleman passed close to them. Miss Joycelin dropped her veil. Pitcairn took notice of it.

"What did you do that for?" he asked.

"To escape observation."

"Did you know that man?"

"Yes; it was Judge S—."

"Does he know you?"

"Yes."

"As Jessie Joycelin?"

"Yes."

"You refer me to him?"

"I refer you to nobody."

Miss Joycelin said that sharply. Then, after a pause, she asked:

"How many letters did I send you, Mr. Pitcairn?"

"Three."

"How many interviews have we had?"

"This is the second."

"You understand what I mean. Three letters, three interviews. You are wasting time. Will you marry me?"

"I cannot answer you now. I am almost persuaded to consent. Will you go with me to the Academy of Music to-morrow evening?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well, on Monday evening?"

"That will make our third interview."

"I understand."

"At what time?"

"I will meet you here at six o'clock," said Pitcairn.

"Very well. This time you have made the appointment."

"I will keep it. Miss Joycelin, did you write to any others as you did to me? Are you holding interviews with others as you are with me?"

"I did not—I am not. I may hereafter."

"You are a strange woman, and superbly pretty. I do not want to lose you. Are you in distress?"

"No."

"Will you accept fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Here they are. Perhaps you will not meet me now?"

"Oh, yes, I will. I am going, Mr. Pitcairn. Good-evening."

Jessie Joycelin courtesied and walked off. Abel Pitcairn did not presume to follow her. So he looked after her, and said:

"She walks like a queen! She dresses well, talks well, looks well! Three letters, three interviews. I must decide. She is very much a woman of her word."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE THIRD INTERVIEW.

ABEL PITCAIRN engaged a coach, and took Jessie Joycelin to the opera. On the way, he put his arm around her waist, and she boxed his ears. At the Academy, John Brady dropped into the box. He nodded to the pair, and handed Jessie his opera-glass.

Pitcairn leaned over to him and asked:

"Do you know this lady?"

"Why not?"

"Who is she?"

"Jessie Joycelin."

"Does she belong to the *bon ton*?"

"Ask her."

After the opera, Pitcairn inquired:

"Where shall I set you down?"

"Where you took me up," replied Miss Joycelin.

"At the square?"

"Yes."

"It is almost twelve o'clock."

"Then it will strike soon."

"And you will go home alone?"

"Yes."

"I shall accompany you."

"No—you shall not."

When he had set her down, she said:

"Do not dare to follow me. You have failed to propose! Good-night."

She turned away from him, and disappeared up Franklin Street.

"That's cool!" muttered Pitcairn.

"That's cool!" thought the driver of the coach, watching Pitcairn biting his glove under the gaslight.

"I will propose to-morrow. I will write to her. But I have not got her address! I am an old fool! (*Sotto voce.*) To the Merchants' Hotel, driver!" (*Aloud.*)

Jessie Joycelin had not gone a square, before a gentleman had taken her in charge. He was about the size of, and laughed very much like, the good-humored John Brady.

CHAPTER IX.—ABEL PITCAIRN IN A TIGHT PLACE.—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW THAT WAS INTERLOPED DURING THE INTER-VAL.

THE next morning a man intruded into Pitcairn's private office. He was a heavily built man, with fierce eyes and dark mustache and whiskers. He had on a captain's uniform, and looked wondrously gruff.

"Fine morning!" said the captain.

"Yes," said Pitcairn. "Take a chair."

"Thank you. I prefer to stand. My business can soon be transacted. In the first place, I shall lock this door."

The captain locked the door on the inside.

"What do you mean?" asked Pitcairn, rising.

"Not much. I have a few questions to ask you. You met a woman in Franklin Square on two evenings, a week apart?"

"I did."

"You had her to the opera last night?"

"I had."

"Her name is Joycelin?"

"So she said."

"That is my name. Joycelin—Aaron Joycelin—Captain Aaron Joycelin."

"And if it is?"

"Oh—nothing! I am her husband!"

Pitcairn grew white in the face and sat down. Things were beginning to look ugly.

The stranger took out a revolver.

"See here, Pitcairn. That woman is my wife. I got home on furlough this morning. From the front; do you understand? From the front! Now, what do you think of such conduct?"

"My dear captain—I did not know that she was your wife. I did not know that she was anybody's wife!"

"It was your business to know."

"She inveigled me."

"Take care, sir. You are talking about my wife. I become terribly excited. I am a dead shot. I don't want to shoot you, if I can help it."

"Good heavens! Don't think of that!" cried Pitcairn, very much alarmed. "I did not insult your wife. Upon my honor as a man, I didn't. I will make any amends."

"That will do," said the captain, putting up his revolver. "You exhibit good sense. I belong to one of the *Corn Exchange Regiments*! No doubt you subscribed liberally to the same. We are proverbial (we, the officers,) for living fast and spending freely. I want to let you down easily. Give me five hundred dollars, and nothing more shall be said about it."

"That's steep. I will give you four hundred."

"It's a go—and a good lesson for you."

Abel Pitcairn was a coward. He drew a sigh of relief, and his check for four hundred dollars. The captain bowed, unlocked the door, and walked off. Pitcairn did some admissible swearing.

CHAPTER X.—ABEL PITCAIRN DISCOVERS THAT HE WAS SOLD.

A FEW mornings afterward, John Brady dropped into Pitcairn's office. He took the chair the redoubtable captain had occupied. He offered Pitcairn a cigar, and then took up the morning paper.

"What is this?" said Brady. "Is it possible that you have subscribed to the Sanitary Commission?"

"Never a cent!" answered Pitcairn.

"Why, I see an acknowledgment here. Listen: 'Abel Pitcairn, per hands of Aaron Joycelin, Four Hundred Dollars.' And lower down: 'Abel Pitcairn, per hands of Jessie Joycelin, One Hundred Dollars.'"

"Is that in the paper, John Brady?"

"Read it for yourself."

Pitcairn found it so. He gave a prolonged whistle, swore once or twice, and then kicked the waste-paper basket savagely. "Brady, I have been sold—outrageously, deservedly, efficiently sold! Give the one hundred dollars you hold to Ellen Stacy. She has won; she has been too many for me. Tell her to keep mum, for mercy's sake!"

"I do not understand it," said John Brady—which was a lie.

"And it is good for you that you do not, John Brady. If I thought you were one of the conspirators, I would break your head. Six hundred dollars gone to that—well, I won't swear—Sanitary Commission!"

WOODEN RAILWAYS.—The Montreal Herald gives an account of a trip of inspection over the new line of wooden railway from Sorel to Arthabaska. This road will be the longest wooden railway in the world, when completed.

The track is the full width of our ordinary roads, so that any ordinary car or locomotive can run over it

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE announcement on Friday, December 8th, of the death, from typhoid fever, of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and heir-apparent of the British Throne, created the most profound excitement not only throughout England, but the United States. When, later in the day, this report was contradicted, there was scarcely any abatement of anxiety, for it was felt that his demise was likely to occur at any moment.

The Prince was born on the 9th of November, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, London, amid the general rejoicings of the people. Thanks to the judicious care of the late Prince Albert, he received an education of a somewhat sounder and more substantial character than that which usually falls to the lot of princes.

On his seventeenth birthday, the Prince assumed the serious duties of manhood by being appointed colonel in the army. Soon afterward he determined to pursue his studies at Rome. After a brief visit to his sister, the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, at Berlin he set out for Italy. Before leaving England, however, he performed the first public act of his life by presenting a stand of colors to the 100th, or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment of Foot.

The Prince arrived in Rome toward the end of January, 1859, and for the first time in many centuries a prince of the blood royal of England was received by the Holy Father.

He returned on the 25th of June, 1859, and in the Summer of the following year embarked for the United States, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle.

In 1862 the Prince made his first visit to the East. On his way he called on Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, and in March was at Cairo. Subsequently he passed through the Holy Land, and in returning to England paid a formal visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French.

On the 5th of February, 1863, at the opening of Parliament, he for the first time took his seat as member of the British House of Peers, his introduction being the occasion of the most brilliant and solemn ceremonies.



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

In accordance with an announcement made by the Queen, his mother, two years previously, the Prince was married on the 10th of March, 1863, to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, an amiable and beautiful young lady, who succeeded very soon in endearing herself to the English people. The marriage was celebrated with great splendor. It has since been blessed with six offspring, only one of whom is dead.

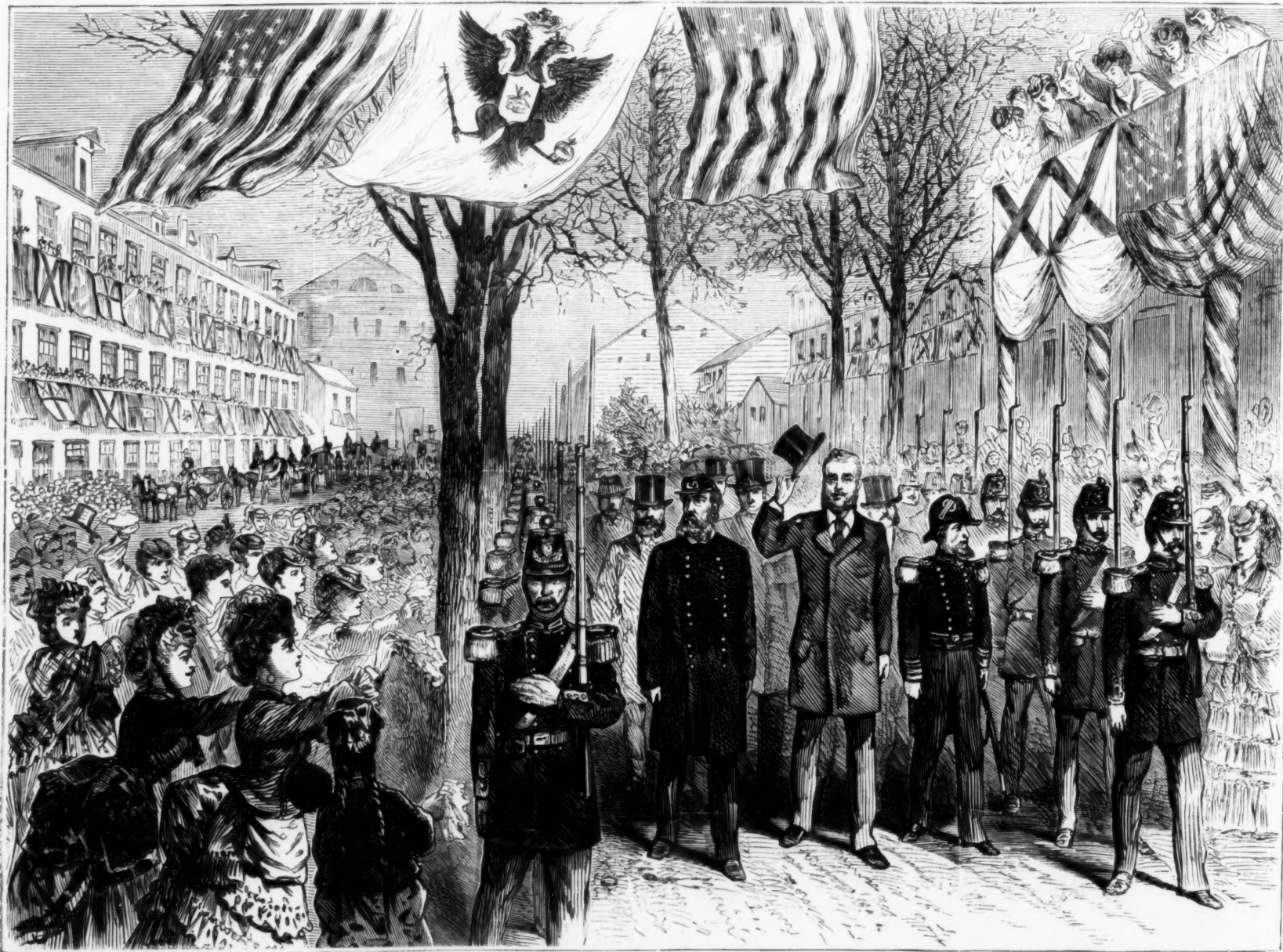
In the latter part of 1869 he again visited the East, accompanied by his wife, and attended the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

The last series of acts which brought him before the public, was his visit to Ireland in the Spring of the present year. It was hoped that his appearance in state would do much to quiet the rebellious spirit of the Irish people; but the tour ended in a riot at Phoenix Park, Dublin. After this, his Royal Highness made a hasty retreat from the Irish capital, and returned to the observance of his everyday routine life, alternating his residence from Sandringham to Windsor and Marlborough House.

The Prince's children are: Albert Victor, born in 1864; George, born in 1865; Louisa, born in 1867; Alexandra, born in 1868; Augusta, born in 1869, and another son, who died shortly after its birth, some short time since.

After his marriage, the Prince frequently held levees and gave receptions, in place of the Queen, whose sorrow for the death of her husband made her very reluctant to appear in public. Some little "unpleasantness" occurred in regard to a sort of informal demand made by the Prince to have his allowance from the public funds enlarged in consequence of being called upon to perform these duties. A loud outcry was made, to the effect that the Queen ought herself to reimburse him for the expense he was thus compelled to undergo, and after stirring up considerable discontent, the matter was permitted to drop.

There is a marked similarity in the symptoms of the disease with which the Prince of Wales is afflicted, and those which were presented by the complaint which carried off his father, the late Prince Albert, in such a sudden manner.



PHILADELPHIA.—RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—THE GRAND DUKE AND SUITE RECEIVED BY U. S. NAVY AND ARMY OFFICERS AT THE NAVY YARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 235.



FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE--DO YOUR DUTY.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

I MET MY LOVE.

I met my love at morning,
When birds began to sing,
And buttercups gave warning
'Twas now the new-born Spring;
And then I cried, "How brightly
Young life would speed along,
With love to guide it lightly
'Mid bloom of flower and song!"

I met my love at noontide,
'Twas in a sylvan bow'r,
And warm the sun, that June-tide,
Lay on each bright-hued flow'r;
And then I said, "My fairest,
Beneath love's genial light,
The brightest things and rarest
Grow still more rare and bright."

I met my love at nightfall,
Beside the lattice pane,
And mute we watched the light fall,
And heard the Wintry rain.
I sighed, "True love will cheer thee,
When morn and noon are past"—
I drew her gently near me,
And won my love at last.

THE WHITE SPECTRE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

"I HAD observed for some time that a certain coldness had crept into my wife's demeanor toward myself. But I kept silence, hoping it would wear off; and, by-and-by, the shock came, suddenly and most unexpectedly. My wife died in the night, taking the little Philip with her, leaving no word by which I might know whither she had gone, or wherefore.

"My false friend disappeared at the same time. It did not occur to me at first that they had gone together. It was Nurse Saul, an old woman who had been in the family for years, who first opened my eyes to the truth. Her own suspicions had been aroused long before. She had witnessed a great many stolen interviews between the two. She showed me fragments of letters that had passed between them, all hinting at some dark secret which they held in common. I saw enough to strike conviction to my soul, and then a sort of madness seemed to seize me. I took to my bed, and for days knew nothing of what passed in the world around me.

"I rallied at last, to find Nurse Saul watching over me. When I was strong enough to bear it, she told me what she had done—how she had managed to save my good name from disgrace. She had, by some means or other kept the real truth even from the servants; she had caused the report to be circulated that my wife and Philip were gone on a voyage to Cuba for their health. When the *Albatross* was lost, it was easy to say that they had been passengers on board that ill-fated vessel.

"After a few weeks, there came a letter from my treacherous friend. He still wrote under the guise of friendship. He knew that my wife was fickle and false, he said, and that she had a lover whose name he dared not mention. He had discovered her flight within a few hours after it occurred, but too late to prevent it. He had started in pursuit of the fugitives without waiting to tell me the dreadful story. He was still in pursuit of them, and should never come back to Fair Oaks until he could bring the wretched woman with him.

"But for Nurse Saul, I should have credited the villain's story, so implicit had been my confidence in him. As it was, I wrote him a letter such as only a madman could have penned, so bitter, taunting and malignant. He answered it. He had now thrown off the mask, satisfied that I knew the truth, no doubt, and that he had no longer anything to expect from me save enmity and hatred. 'I did run away with your wife,' he wrote. 'I deny nothing. I will even confess to a truth you never suspected. The boy, Philip, is not your son, but mine!'

"Heavens! Do you wonder that my brain reeled under the shock, and I lay for weeks in a state of hopeless inanition very like to death? Would that I had died. When I began to recover, Nurse Saul had other horrors to communicate. My false friend had tired of his victim in a few short months, and abandoned her. Soon afterward she had quitted the village inn where they had been staying, and started to return to Fair Oaks, no doubt. At any rate, there was one of those terrible railroad accidents, of which the particulars are too horrible to narrate—and the wretched woman was killed—killed so suddenly that she had no opportunity even to ask God's mercy on her guilty soul!"

He paused, very much overcome. "And the boy," said Philip, eagerly. "Was he with her?"

"Yes."

"Was he, too, dead?"

The judge averted his face. "No. By some miracle, he escaped unhurt."

"How did Nurse Saul come to hear of the accident?"

"A card was found on the person of the woman who had been my wife, bearing my name. A messenger came to Fair Oaks; Nurse Saul received him, since I was too unwell, heard his story, and sent him away with a caution to say nothing to anybody else of the nature of his errand. She had been quick to suspect the truth."

"What did she do?"

"She left me in the charge of an inexperienced nurse for a day or two, and went to the scene of the disaster. The misguided woman received decent interment, and the child was

left with a poor woman of the vicinity. Of course she gave fictitious names. On coming back, she said nothing of what had happened until I was well enough to hear the story myself. Then we agreed to keep our secret, and never to contradict the story then current that mother and child were both lost in the *Albatross*."

"You at once made up your mind to abandon the boy?"

"How could I do otherwise?" asked the judge, great drops of agony standing on his brow. "I could not have him brought here. I should always have seen my false friend's face in his. The constant sight of him would have driven me mad. I was little better than a madman, as it was."

"I comprehend," said Philip. "All this happened twenty-two years ago, but I have never recovered from the blow. Mine has been a broken life, indeed. I have borne my troubles alone up to this time. Nurse Saul died within the year, and nobody else knew my secret save the villain who had wronged me."

Philip looked at him closely. "Did you never think of revenge?" he asked.

A momentary fire kindled in the eyes of the judge. "A thousand times!" he answered. "But no punishment could have been horrible enough to satisfy my burning hatred. I gave up the idea. I carried in my bosom too sore a heart, perhaps."

"The name of your false friend—are you going to tell me that?"

The unhappy man hesitated. His features became fearfully contorted with the passions raging within him. "You shall hear," he said, at last.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

THERE was a deep silence in the room. Judge Collingwood finally mastered the emotions that were raging almost beyond control. He drew nearer his young friend.

"Can you not guess the name of the guilty wretch who has blasted my life so utterly?" he asked, in a low, deep voice.

"No."

"I will speak it, then. It is Gustave Le Noir!"

Philip started. He saw clearly enough now why his host should cherish such an unconquerable hatred for the gallan major.

"You have heard my story," resumed Judge Collingwood. "You know now why I am old and gray and broken down before my time. Hereafter, let the past be a sealed book between us."

It shall be," returned Philip.

"And you will not leave me? I already feel for you more than an ordinary friendship. You fill an aching void in my heart—a void that has existed for twenty-two years. Give me something to love, something to cling to, and I may be humanized yet. You will not abandon me to the old terrible loneliness?"

"Never again."

Philip answered as he felt. It seemed very fitting to make some sacrifices for this man who had suffered so much. He felt drawn to him in an indescribable way—such a drawing as a loving son might have felt for a wretched and hopeless parent.

But still he kept back his own story, without really knowing why he did so, unless it might have been that intuitive feeling that his pleasant relations toward his host would be forever broken up when he story was once told. Besides, the judge never asked him any questions concerning his past life.

And thus the days went on. There was no particular event to mark their progress until Philip had been at Fair Oaks rather more than a week. Then, a discovery was made that was destined to change the whole current of the young man's life.

He had been rambling about the romantic old mansion one day, when he chanced to stumble upon a door that he had not previously observed. It was set deep in the wainscoting of a dark upper passage, and nearly hidden by a screen that invariably stood before it. It did not yield readily to Philip's first efforts to effect an entrance, but a vigorous push or two sent it open, and at the same time displaced a cloud of cobwebs and dust.

He found himself in a small but exquisitely furnished apartment, that seemed to have been abandoned to the moths and rats for a good many years. The damask curtains hung in shreds, the carpet was faded, and dust and mold were everywhere. Decay had marked all the costly appointments of the room as its very own.

A picture leaned against the wall in one corner, its back to the light. Philip turned it almost reverentially. He beheld the portrait of a lovely young woman, with sad, Madonna-like eyes, a sweet face that had something half-shy, half-proud about it, sensitive lips most exquisitely chiseled, and long, floating hair of a lustrous brown.

The portrait fascinated him. He stood before it, spellbound, for many minutes. There was something hauntingly familiar in its expression. Where had he seen those perfect features? Was it in flesh and blood, or had his imagination called them up, over and over again, in his dreams?

Moments slipped by unheeded. So utterly bewildered did he become, that at last he lifted the portrait in his arms and carried it downstairs, where the judge might see it and tell him for whom it had been painted. He could not rest satisfied until he had learned some reason for the haunting resemblance and the singular interest with which it inspired him.

Judge Collingwood sat by the desk in his study. He did not look up when Philip entered. "I have been on another exploring expedition," the young man said. "I found the oddest little room up the next flight—a forsaken place, hung with cobwebs and dirt,

that does not seem to have been entered for years."

The judge started up and changed color. But, instead of looking at Philip, he even averted his face.

"Her room!" he muttered, under his breath. Philip drew nearer, too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the agitation of his host.

"A portrait stood on the floor," resumed Philip. "I've brought it down. Will you not tell me for whom it was painted?"

"A portrait?" gasped the judge.

"Yes. I am nearly wild with curiosity. I must have seen that face years ago—so many, in fact, that its memory is like a dream. I have a vague notion that such a woman used to hold me in her arms when a child, and sing to me snatches of song, and low, sweet lullabies. What does it mean? The vision is so very dim and shadowy, that it had slipped my mind altogether until the sight of this picture called it back again. But the image grows clearer every minute. Can you explain it?"

He had spoken in a rapid, earnest tone of voice. Such was his excitement, that he did not at first observe that the judge had risen from his chair and was regarding him with dilating eyes and a wild, questioning look.

"Whose portrait is that?" he repeated, laying one hand on the judge's arm.

A shiver shook the man's frame. He no longer stared at Philip, but his fascinated gaze swept to the portrait, to be instantly averted, then swept back again. Finally he covered his face with both hands.

"Take it away!" he cried. "I can't bear it. Good God! That is the portrait of the woman who dishonored me!"

At these words, Philip's senses came back to him again. He forgot the burning curiosity by which he had been devoured, forgot everything save the reckless, cruel thing he had done in liberating his host's feelings so thoughtlessly. He restored the painting to the room where he had found it, and then went back to the study again.

Judge Collingwood still sat with his face hidden. At the sound of Philip's hasty step he raised it, giving the young man a searching look, as though he would have read his inmost thoughts. On his face was an expression of mingled dread, doubt and unreasoning horror.

"Stay here," he said when Philip would have approached. "I have a few questions to ask before you come any nearer."

The tone in which these words were spoken had something harsh and forbidding about it. "Proceed, sir," said Philip, mastering his surprise as best he might.

"I wish to know whether you are here under your own name, or under one that is assumed?"

Lennox was the name of him who adopted me. Perhaps I should have told you before."

"It is not your own family name?"

"No."

The judge drew a long breath. "What is it?"

Philip saw that his story must be told at last. Let the consequences be what they might, it must be told. Despite his secret dread of the possible effects of his recital, that recital must be gone through with.

"I have no name," he answered.

The judge sat with his eyes fixed immovably on Philip's face. He seemed very much disturbed by the reply he had received. "You have told me nothing of your history," said he. "Will you tell it now?"

"If you insist upon it, I know nothing of my parents or near relatives. I was brought up by a poor woman called Dame Gregory."

A gasping, inarticulate cry from Judge Collingwood stopped him. The judge had fallen back in his chair, nearly lifeless. Philip sprang forward. He attempted to raise the poor man in his arms, but was violently repulsed. The judge rallied his scattered senses and sat bolt upright the moment he felt the contact of Philip's hands.

"Back!" he cried. "For God's sake, don't touch me. To think I have been sheltering you, all this while—been suffering you to twine yourself round and round my heart! Oh, my God!"

Philip stood transfixed. His first sensation was one of helpless bewilderment. Presently he broke the spell that bound him; he reached forward, seizing the judge's hand.

"Dear sir—" he began.

The judge shrank away, withdrawing his hand. "Leave me!" he exclaimed. "My love for you has changed to bitter hatred. Go, go! How dare you darken these doors of mine?"

Philip regarded him mournfully. "I do not understand all this," he said. "You are unconscious of your own words, perhaps. I shall not leave you until you are calmer."

"But I tell you to go!"

"And I tell you that you are not in a fit state to be left alone."

The judge writhed like a person enduring the agonies of the rack. "Don't you comprehend the bitter truth?" he cried, sharply. "You are the child of the woman who wronged me so terribly! You are the infant she took with her when she fled!"

Philip started back.

"Impossible!"

"Would to God it were."

"Impossible!" Philip repeated, staring at him blankly. "I cannot believe it! I will not believe it!"

The judge sought in vain to control his violent agitation. "I did not finish my story so far as the little Philip is concerned," he said, at last. "The railroad disaster occurred at Charing Cross. Nurse Saul left the child with a woman of the neighborhood, for a few weeks. Afterward, she had it removed to the village of Brompton and left on the doorstep of a poor but respectable woman of the name of Gregory."

"Yes, yes."

"A sum of money was left for the maintenance of the child. Money has been sent at

regular intervals since then, for she was its mother, and I could not abandon it to poverty and privation. But I never saw it, never went near it. How could I?"

"You could not."

"A few years ago, I heard that the lad had been adopted by a wealthy gentleman, but was unable to learn his name. If I went directly to Dame Gregory and put the question, she might trace me out, and thus learn my secret. Besides, I had no other desire than to know that the child was well provided for. He was nothing to me—never could be anything."

Philip regarded him with a blank gaze that saw nothing. The horror of the discovery nearly took away his breath. At last he held out both his hands with an appealing gesture:

"Father!" he murmured.

Violent shudders shook the judge's frame. "Not that," he gasped. "Call me anything but that! Gustave Le Noir is your father!"

Philip moved back a step or two. "No, no, no!" he shouted. "There is a voice within which tells me differently. Black treachery of some sort has been at work. Not a drop of that man's blood flows in my veins! I know it! Instinct tells me, and so does every pulsation of my heart. You, you, are my father!"

The judge trembled from head to foot. "I could die happy if it were only so. But, alas, it is not. Bad as that villain is, he would not have told me such a cruel lie. You are of his flesh and blood—not mine."

Philip caught his breath sharply. The horror of the idea made him giddy. All his instinctive distrust of Major Le Noir seemed to grow tenfold stronger in a moment's space. To his inmost soul he realized a wordless abhorrence of the man. He stared helplessly before him.

"I have sought for years to learn the story of my birth," he said. "Is this to be the end? Have I discovered the secret but to load myself with shame and dishonor? Heaven forbid. I repeat it—treachery has been at work. The truth can be brought to light, and it shall be! Oh, my father, don't turn from me with such a look. Take my belief as your own, and help me to unravel this web of iniquity. Help me, help me!"

Judge Collingwood lifted up his eyes at the sound of Philip's voice. A film was on them, and a deadly faintness tugged at his heart. But he fought with both until the last word was reached—until he had heard and comprehended all that Philip had said. Then he made a last struggle for words in which to reply.

"You—must go—from here—"

The sentence died on his lips, unfinished. With a last appealing look, and a groan of bitter agony, he fell forward on the floor, insensible.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE MIDNIGHT QUEST.

THE week which Philip spent at Fair Oaks had not been passed in total inactivity by Madeline.

The two objects to which she was devoting her life—the conviction of Mrs. Ingestre as her father's murderer, and the discovery of the hidden will—had become a monomania. She thought of them constantly by day and dreamed of them by night. Everything else was made subordinate to them.

She even met her stepmother from day to day without betraying much of the horror and fear with which that treacherous woman inspired her. She endured the comfortless and companionless life that circumstances compelled her to lead at Ingestre Place, without a murmur. She would have borne a thousand-fold more for the sake of righting, or at least avenging, the wrong that had been done her father.

But, the days dragged by one after another, and, to all appearances, she was no nearer accomplishing either object than she had been at the outset. There was nothing but the poisoned glass and the circumstances attending her father's death to urge against Mrs. Ingestre, and that lady was far too shrewd to suffer any new light to be thrown upon the subject through any carelessness of her own.

The will, too, remained as effectually hidden as it had been in the first place. In vain did Madeline cudgel her brains to get some inkling of the truth; in vain did she explore the various rooms diving into every dark corner she could find, in search of secret drawers and unsuspected recesses.

Of course her explorations had to be done as secretly as possible. Otherwise, she might have made better progress. She soon became aware that her movements were watched, and this fact made her more cautious than ever.

"I must take the night for my work," she finally concluded. "Perhaps I can escape this disagreeable espionage in that way."

The library seemed the proper place to look for the will. But she soon detected indications that that apartment had already been thoroughly searched, and by somebody who understood the test of the triangle. Madeline was not in the least surprised by this discovery.

"It is Major Le Noir," she thought. "He heard what my father said to me, and saw him draw that figure in his palm. He is working for my stepmother, no doubt, and intends to destroy the will if he finds it."

She questioned Betty, to learn what portions of the house had been most frequented by her father, but could find out very little from the uncommunicative old woman. There were several apartments in the west wing—the ruinous and unoccupied part of the mansion—where Wales Ingestre had been accustomed, at times, to wander by himself. It seemed more than probable that the will had been hidden in one of these rooms, as they were very little frequented.

But in which room? That question was not easy to answer.

Madeline soon convinced herself that Major Le Noir's attention was also being directed to the west wing. It was entered by means of a door opening from the extreme end of the lower hall. She was crossing the hall, late one evening, when she saw Peter, the stable-boy,

dragging a mattress in front of the west-wing door.

"Do you sleep here?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes 'm," replied Pete.

"How long since you came here for the first time?"

"Only four nights, mum."

Madeline reflected a moment. "Major Le Noir sent you here to sleep?" she said, finally.

"Yes 'm."

She left him, going away quite thoughtfully. "The major intends to keep me out of the west wing," she said to herself; "otherwise, Pete would not be there to guard the way. But he shall not succeed. If he attempts to hinder me from entering those rooms, that of itself is a sufficient reason why I ought to explore them."

But there was a difficulty in the way, which she had not counted on. The west-wing door, when she entered it once during the day, was found to be locked. Betty, when questioned in regard to the matter, declared it to be her belief that Mrs. Ingestre slept with the key under her pillow.

Madeline was all the more determined to succeed because of these difficulties. But she was compelled to take Betty into her confidence, to a certain extent. "I am searching for the will my father hid so mysteriously," she told her. "It must be found. You can help me if you will. Now, will you?"

Betty seemed reluctant to promise, but at last yielded to the girl's entreaties. "I want you to have your own, dearie," she said.

"Of course, you are my only friend in all this house."

"I know it," returned Betty, sullenly.

"You will be true to me?"

"Yes, girl, for your mother's sake. She was an angel of goodness to me. I will do what I can to help her child."

"Thank you, Betty."

The two held a lengthy consultation. It was finally agreed that they should begin an exploration of the west wing that very night. Betty undertook to procure the key, if it was really kept under Mrs. Ingestre's pillow.

Night came. Madeline provided herself with a candle and some matches. She remained in her room, waiting in breathless impatience for the sounds below to die away. It seemed hours before the last shuffling footstep went along the corridor. Afterward, she waited until midnight struck before she ventured from her chamber.

Betty met her in the passage. The old woman's face looked strangely harsh and stern in the flickering light of the candle. She put her lips close to Madeline's ear.

"I've got it," she whispered.

"What? The key?"

Betty nodded.

"How good of you! I expected to have all that to do myself. Where was it? Under my stepmother's pillow, as you thought?"

"Yes."

Madeline opened wide her eyes. "How did you get it without rousing her?" "No matter," and Betty's lips went together like a vice. "Come," she said, impatiently, after a short silence; "we have no time to lose."

(To be continued.)

MOVEMENTS OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

THE DUKE'S THANKSGIVING.

On Thursday morning, the Grand Duke with his suite attended the religious services at the Russian Greek Church, No. 951 Second Avenue. Permission had been granted the pastor, the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring, to invite a limited number of citizens, and those fortunate enough to receive the open sesame were assembled by ten o'clock. A choir of boys from the Russian fleet added to the interest of the occasion. These boys have been thoroughly trained, and the manner in which they rendered the choral portion of the service is seldom excelled by the choirs in any of the city churches. The Grand Duke and all the persons present remained standing during the entire services.

The chapel on Second Avenue is fitted up temporarily with everything belonging to a Russian church, which requires much more showy and expensive furniture and vestments than the Catholic, all of which were made in St. Petersburg. The paintings are most noteworthy, as presenting the exact appearance of similar ones in the East, and especially in Palestine. One who has visited the Greek chapel at Jerusalem will be able to recall almost every feature of the place, excepting only the massive stone walls and the relics.

These vestments are loaded with gold and silver wires, and in themselves form an excellent illustration of the passages in Exodus relating to the building and finishing of the Tabernacle, where gold wires were woven into the cloth also, for the same object as in the present case, magnificence and display.

Aside from the solemnity of the worship, which, claiming as it does to antedate all others, is interesting and inspiring from its antiquity, there is no more engaging entertainment than a visit to this chapel; and, when the new church is completed, it will probably be a popular resort, from the attractiveness of its Oriental architecture and the richness of its ceremonials.

THE GRAND DUKE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Grand Duke Alexis reached Philadelphia, Pa., at a late hour on Sunday, December 3d, and, with his suite, was driven immediately to the Continental Hotel, where apartments had been specially prepared.

About ten o'clock on Monday morning, the Ducal party and the Reception Committee left the hotel to inaugurate the festivities of the day. The Grand Duke was seated in an open barouche, drawn by four black horses, handsomely caparisoned with gold mountings, with General Meade by his side, the opposite seats

being occupied by Count Catacazy and General Gorloff.

The first object of inspection was Girard College, and, when the Ducal party was driven to the main entrance-gate, a very large congregation of citizens had assembled in the neighborhood. On the portico was stationed the Girard College Band, composed of sixteen pupils, with Prof. George Bastert as conductor. In front of the building, the Girard College Cadets, under command of Major Oliver, and numbering one hundred and fifty muskets, were drawn up in line, and, as the Ducal party emerged from their carriages, they were saluted by the juvenile soldiers, while the band performed the Russian Hymn. In the meantime the other pupils, numbering about five hundred and fifty, had assembled in the chapel, to which the guests were escorted. From the platform the Duke reviewed the scholars as they filed out by the north door, and, by the time the party returned to the carriages, the cadets had formed in line for a parting salute.

The brevity of the visit rendered hasty movements imperative. After a drive through Fairmount Park, the company alighted at the Belmont mansion, the main parlor of which had been tastefully decorated for a reception-room.

The banquet was served at twelve o'clock, and, as the Duke and suite entered the hall, the select company in waiting arose and remained standing until the Ducal party had taken seats.

In the centre sat Major-General Meade. On his right was the Grand Duke Alexis; General John W. Geary, Governor of Pennsylvania; Admiral Posselt, Russian Navy; Rear-Admiral Thomas Turner, United States Navy; and Bishop Simpson. On the left of General Meade were: M. Catacazy, Daniel M. Fox, Mayor of Philadelphia; General Gorloff, of the Czar's staff; and General Sackett, United States Army.

After the banquet, the party returned to the carriages, and the drive was resumed. Halts were made at an extensive locomotive establishment, and Independence Hall, both of which engaged the Duke's closest attention.

The heartiest demonstration of the people occurred when the party entered the Navy Yard, and the cannon boomed forth the national salute. The space in front of the Navy Yard was kept entirely clear. The carriage containing the Duke, General Meade and Minister Catacazy proceeded immediately to the quarters of Commodore Emmons, commandant of the Navy Yard, where they were duly presented by General Meade, together with the remainder of the company. The buildings inside the yard were handsomely draped with the Russian and American colors, gracefully festooned and intermingled. The naval and marine officers were in full uniform, and, accompanied by a detachment of marines, escorted the visitors through the shipyards to the wharf, where they were greeted by another salute from the receiving-ship. After remaining on the wharf a few minutes, the party returned through the workshops, Commodore Emmons explaining the varied operations and conversing fluently with the Grand Duke.

The ball at the Academy in the evening was one of Philadelphia's most brilliant efforts—the decorations exhibiting a very liberal and appropriate taste. In the Ducal box flowers reigned supreme. Garlands, wreaths, crosses, and festoons were scattered around in profusion. The pillars were twined in wreaths of evergreen, mingled with the choicest productions of the florist's handiwork, while the front of the box was literally covered with shields, wreaths, and crosses of exquisitely intermingled varieties of the rarest flowers. On the centre pillar hung a portrait in oil of the Czar Alexander, while right and left were portraits of the Czar Nicholas and the Grand Duke Constantine. Down over the box from the tier above were draped Russian flags.

TRIAL OF MRS. E. G. WHARTON.

OUR readers will remember the excitement created in July last by the arrest of Mrs. Ellen G. Wharton, widow of Major H. W. Wharton, of the United States Army, on a charge of having caused by poison the death of General W. Scott Ketchum, a retired officer and friend of her deceased husband. Suspicion also strongly indicated that she was a party to an attempted poisoning of her confidential agent, Eugene Van Ness. Having occupied a commanding position in the most exclusive society of Baltimore, and been recognized as a prominent member of the Episcopal Church, the particulars of her arrest struck horror to the hearts of an unusually large and refined circle of acquaintances. The evidence submitted to the Grand Jury was of a circumstantial character, yet it made such an impression, that a true bill was found against Mrs. Wharton. This evidence was substantially as follows:

On Saturday, June 24th, General Ketchum left his home in Washington for the purpose of paying a visit to the family of Mrs. Wharton, where he was an intimate friend, and for the additional purpose of collecting a note of \$2,600. Shortly after arriving at Mrs. Wharton's, he was taken very ill, and died on Wednesday, June 28th. Dr. P. C. Williams, who attended him, suspected poison, and immediately told his suspicions to the Marshal of Police, who directed the detectives to keep a close watch upon Mrs. Wharton; and, at his suggestion, General Ketchum's remains were disinterred and examined, and twenty grains of tartar-emetic found in his stomach. A day or two after the death of General Ketchum, Mrs. Wharton went to Washington, and demanded of his son, Charles A. Ketchum, the payment of \$4,000, which she said she had given to his father for safe-keeping. He seemed surprised, and referred her to General Brice, Paymaster-General, who informed her, when she applied to him, that the Ketchum estate owed her nothing. He also called her attention to the fact that General Ketchum's account showed her in debt to him \$2,600.

General Ketchum's books were referred to, but no account of the debt having been settled was found, and her demand heightened the suspicions that General Ketchum had been foully dealt with in her house.

It was ascertained that Mrs. Wharton had purchased sixty grains of tartar-emetic at a store near her residence, about the time General Ketchum came to her house. Several hours previous to the arrival of General Ketchum, Mr. Eugene Van Ness, her confidential business agent, called at her residence, and while there she offered him a glass of beer, which he drank, and was at once taken violently ill, and was for a week sick in her house, and the symptoms were remarkably like those attending the illness of General Ketchum. Mr. Van Ness was attended at Mrs. Wharton's by Dr. Chew, and his own wife and sister, and the ladies seemed to have had their suspicions aroused by the sameness of the symptoms of their relative and General Ketchum; and when a milk-punch was brought up, prescribed by the physician, Mrs. Van Ness tasted it, and, finding it bitter, poured out the milk, and a white sediment was found in the bottom. She secreted the glass, and had the contents examined by a chemist, and they were found to contain fifteen grains of tartar-emetic.

The trial was virtually opened on Tuesday, December 5th, at Annapolis, Md., Chief-Justice Miller presiding, assisted by Associate Judges Hammond and Hayden.

The court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the fact that about ninety witnesses were to be sworn, including some of the most eminent persons in the military, medical, legal and social circles of Washington and Baltimore, greatly increased the excitement.

On Thursday, the utmost interest was manifested in the trial, and there was a large attendance on the part of ladies.

The accused arrived under charge of the Sheriff before the Court opened, and was greeted by numerous friends, some of whom kissed and affectionately embraced her. She was accompanied as usual by Mrs. and Mr. Neilson, and her daughter.

The prisoner appeared to be absorbed in listening to the debate, and seemed to appreciate the importance of the question. She remained closely veiled, but through the heavy folds of crape which covered her face, kept vigilant watch over the movements of Court, jury, and attorneys.

Two of the most important witnesses for the prosecution were examined, Mrs. Metta Hutton, a sister of Eugene Van Ness, who was lying sick at Mrs. Wharton's house when General Ketchum arrived, and Dr. Williams, the physician called to attend the deceased.

The sketch from which our illustration is made was taken while Dr. Williams was describing the symptoms of the deceased, the actions of the accused, and his own professional labors.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE HOWARD MISSION.

YEAR by year this worthy institution receives evidences of the heartiest appreciation of our philanthropic citizens, and a holiday within its ample walls is, indeed, a festive season. Truly noble are the hearts that bear substantial regards for the "city of destitution" in our generous metropolis. The voluntary contributions and timely responses to appeals for Thanksgiving edibles, speak volumes in acknowledgment of the consideration of Wealth for Poverty. A few days previous to November 30th, a stranger might reasonably wonder at the use of the inviting edifice, No. 40 New Bowery. At one hour it bore the appearance of an aristocratic poulterer's establishment; next, it surely emitted the flavor of a pie-bakery; then, from unmistakable indications, it rivaled the most extensive *boucherie*, and all the while children, whose attire indicated an humble position in our social scale, were running to and fro, snapping their fingers gleefully, and seeming about to enter that important period, "the happiest of my life."

On Thanksgiving Day, the first labor of the superintendent was to send supplies to the sick poor scattered about the neighborhood. At noon, the doors of the large chapel were opened to the friends of the institution, and soon crowded. At one o'clock the grand Hallelujah Chorus was sung by the children, after which the feasting commenced.

The next day, supplies were again sent to the sick, and in the evening the Thanksgiving festival for mothers was given. By a singular confusion of subtraction and addition, turkeys, chickens, pies and other good things became apparently inexhaustible, furnishing a feast for the hundreds of children in the day-schools on the following Monday and Tuesday.

One of the most notable cases of generosity was that of the proprietors and employees of the Abattoir at Communipaw, N. J. These gentlemen have in years past exhibited a very judicious regard for the stomachs of the poor, entertaining the idea that they are constructed after the same pattern as those supplied to wealthier bodies. A donation of fresh beef, lamb, and pork, amounting to 6,300 pounds, was sent across the water in a huge wagon, drawn by four strong horses; and as the vehicle, with the object of its visit painted in plain letters on canvas, was driven through the streets, many a Pecksniff lost the opportunity of dilating on the consolation of being exclusively happy.

Since Mr. Van Meter inaugurated the Mission and Home for Little Wanderers, in 1861, more than 10,000 of these neglected children have received attentions, and hundreds have been placed in good homes. He says: "I have entered upon my eighteenth Winter among the thousands of neglected and homeless little children in this city. How can we disregard the touching importunities for relief? yet, how can

we meet the demands that will be made upon us until Spring? If 800 persons or families would send us a Christmas present of \$25 each, or a pledge to pay that amount before May 1st, 1872, all our wants would be provided for until that time."

NEWS BREVITIES.

A LATE storm blew away Boston's cautionary signals.

THE new Mayor of Chicago ought to be the centre of attraction. He is the Medill man.

THE Prince of Lippe is the wealthiest ruler in Germany.

TEXAN street-car conductors are made Deputy Sheriffs by a law of the State.

EUGENE ROTHSCHILD, a son of the Baron, will visit Washington this Winter.

ALL fears of cholera from Russia seem to have subsided; Alexis only brought the Hoopenkoff with him.

EXPERIMENTS in the Army bakery at Washington show that two hundred and sixty-one pound loaves of bread can be made from a barrel of flour.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY is in debt a quarter of a million dollars, and proposes to raffle herself off to pay it.

THE remains of Alexandre Dumas are to be transported during the present month from Villefrance to Paris, for interment in the Père la Chaise.

IN a Connecticut bar-room a duplicate key of the village cemetery is prudently kept for the convenience of customers.

PIERRE VERONS, hearing that a new name was wanted for the Rue du 4 Septembre, proposed to call it "The Street of the next Revolution."

BRAZILIANS keep pet anacondas, ten to twenty feet long, in their cellars, to destroy the rats and mice.

FLOROW, who composed "Martha," has a new opera in press, entitled "Elizabeth," in which William Shakespeare is to figure.

SAN FRANCISCO is to have a splendid season of Italian Opera this Winter, the stars of the troupe being Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Kate Morensi.

A HEAVY rain occurred on the 31st of May last in the great desert of Atacama, Chile, a phenomenon hitherto almost entirely unknown in that region of the world.

MONSIEUR GUBERT, the Archbishop of Paris, has been presented with a handsome gold cross by the Papal Nuncio, as a testimonial of the Pope's good will.

FOR the first time in many years the name of Washburne disappears from Congress, William B. Washburne, the last to hold a seat, having been elected Governor of Massachusetts.

CYRUS WAKEFIELD, who recently made a princely donation to Harvard University, is a large importer of raisins. He is thus a promoter of education in two directions.

THE Bishop of the Russo-Greek Church on the Pacific coast has ordered the prayer for the President of the United States, contained in the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, to be used by the Greek priests.

THE Broadway Tabernacle Society of New York has extended a call to the Rev. William Taylor, of Liverpool. Besides a salary of \$1,500, the Society will bear the expenses of Mr. Taylor's voyage to this country.

THE 23d of November was the anniversary of the execution of Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, and was accordingly honored as a holiday in Cork. A band of 8,000 men paraded the streets to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul."

MISS BETSEY WILLIAMS, who died the other day in her 83d year, cherished the memory of her great ancestor, and in her will leaves a farm to the city of Providence, with a proviso that a monument be erected to Roger Williams, which shall cost not less than \$500.

AN old lady in Orange County, N. Y., who professes to work out her own salvation, has named all her furniture after the Scriptures and the Apostles. Whenever she wants to sit in her easy-chair she tells her servant to "bring up the Apostle Paul and put it near the fire."

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS is to erect a red-granite monument, with a drinking-fountain for dogs, in honor of the Edinburgh dog who insisted on sleeping on its master's grave for ten years after his death. It is to be seven feet high and surmounted by a bronze figure of the animal.

THE seventeen livings in the presentation of the Marquis of Bute, since his lordship's "perversion or conversion" to the Roman Catholic faith, have been placed in the hands of trustees. In order to spare his lordship's feeling as much as possible, these trustees were all taken from the High Church party.

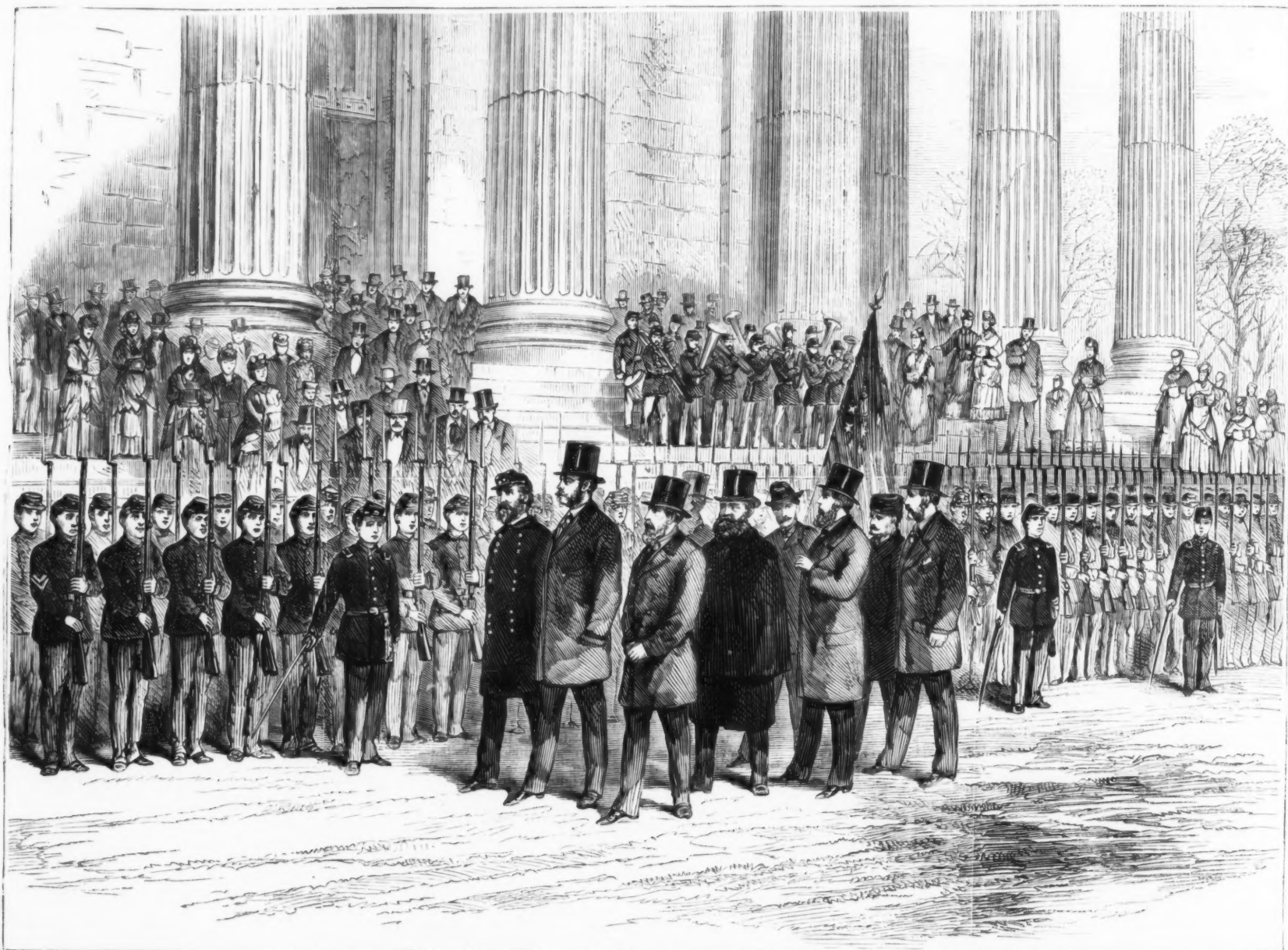
COUNT ANDRASSY has received the congratulations of the Russian Government on his elevation to the Premiership of the Austrian Empire, coupled with an expression of confidence in the wisdom and justice of the policy which will be pursued under his administration of the foreign relations of the Empire.

A SELECTION from the library of the Penn family will be sold at auction in London during the early part of the ensuing year. The collection comprises works on general literature, America, voyages and travels, etc., many containing the armorial bookplate of "William Penn, Proprietor of Pennsylvania, 1703," and some few with his autograph.

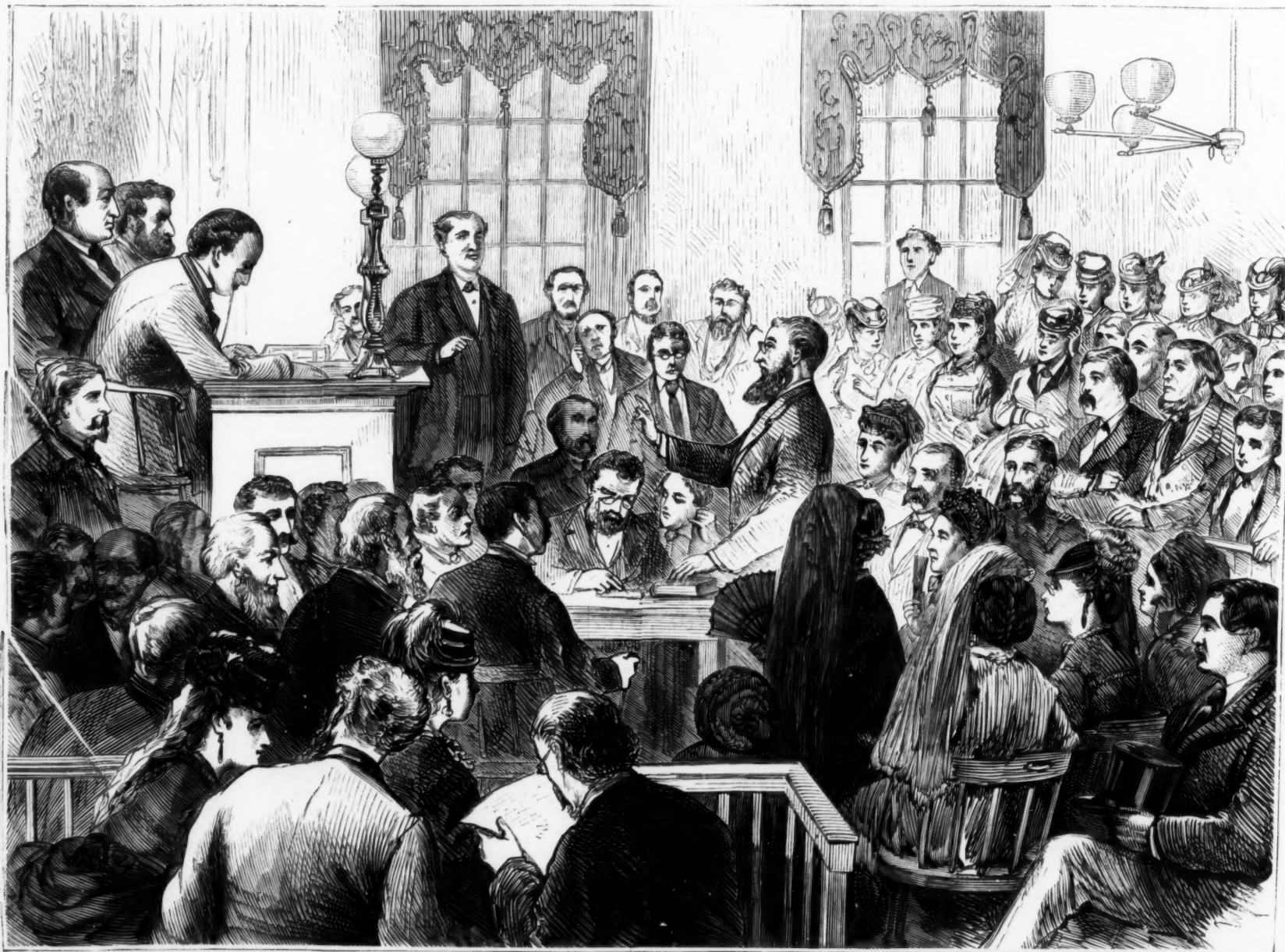
MISSOURI deserves credit for leading off in the establishment of a Western State School of Mines. The new institution is to be located 113 miles from St. Louis, in Rolla, Phelps County; the building is to cost \$75,000, and adequate provision is made, by gift and the issue of bonds, for supporting a competent faculty and a department of practical experiment.

GENERAL READ, American Consul-General at Paris, has come into possession of a breastpin once worn by General Washington, given by him to General Jackson, by General Jackson to King Joseph Bonaparte, by the latter to Comte Stanislaus de Girardin, by the Count to his son, who sent it to General Read as a souvenir of the siege of Paris. No possibility of a mistake here.

THE *Journal de Marseille* gives some particulars about the death of Chassaign, the lion-killer, and the successor of Girard. He died at Philippeville a few days after his return from France, a victim to the events of the Arab insurrection. He occupied a farm in the neighborhood of Batna, which was sacked and burnt by the insurgents. His son, aged eleven years, was seized, horribly maltreated, and at length murdered. A young woman whom Chassaign, a widower, was about to marry, had fallen into the power of the Arabs, and was placed among their women; she had gone mad from ill-usage. These misfortunes broke the lion-killer's heart and carried him off. All the civil and military authorities attended his funeral.



PHILADELPHIA.—RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS—THE GRAND DUKE AND SUITE REVIEWING THE CADETS AT GIRARD COLLEGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



MARYLAND.—SCENE IN THE COURT-HOUSE AT ANNAPOLIS—TRIAL OF MRS. WHARTON, ON THE CHARGE OF MURDERING GENERAL KETCHUM BY POISON.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR. SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FOUR-HORSE WAGON-LOAD OF MEAT CONTRIBUTED BY THE ABATOIR, COMMUNIPAW, N. J., FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. A. LEWIS.—SEE PAGE 235.

THE QUARANTINE HOSPITAL-SHIP "DELAWARE."

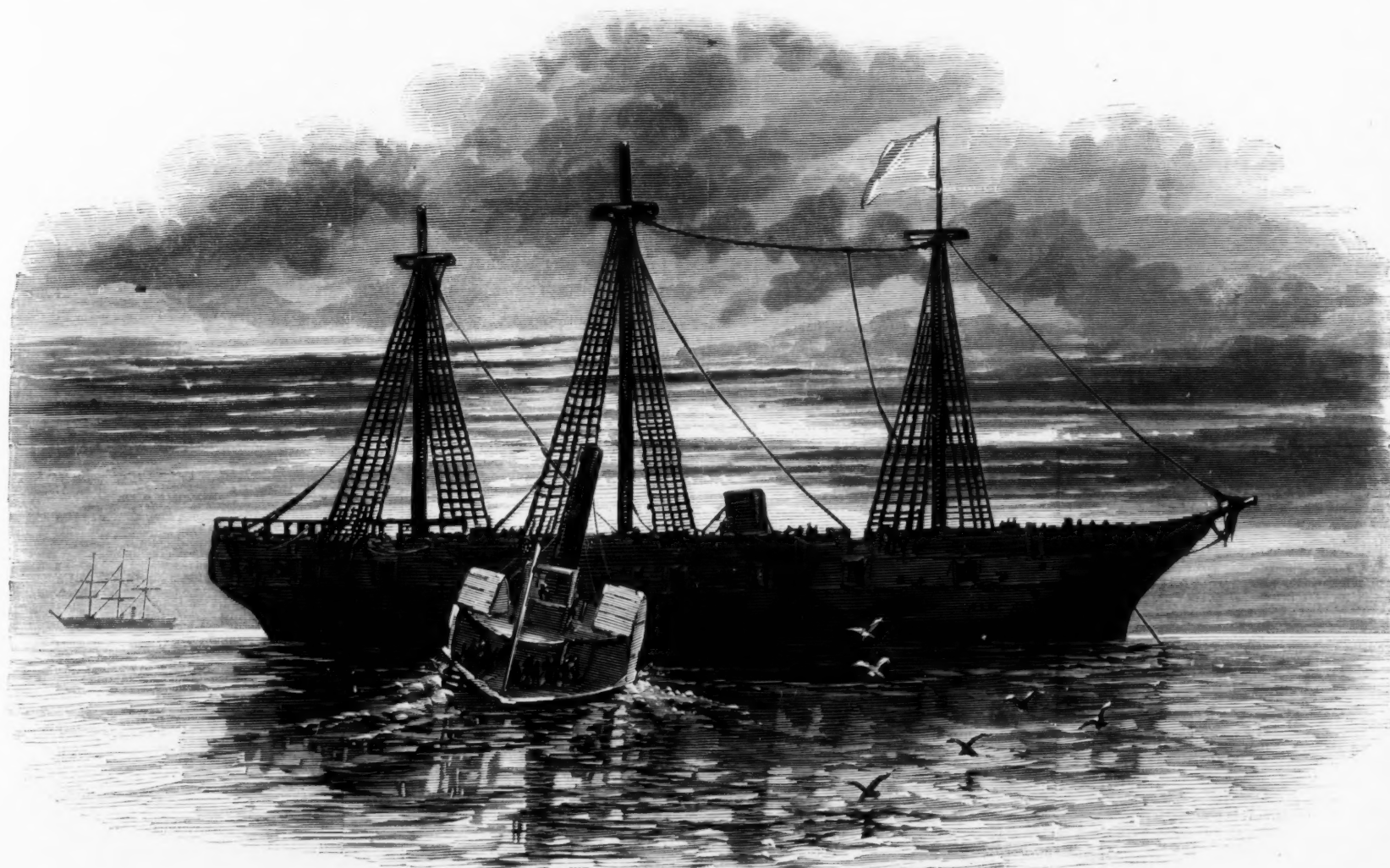
The apprehensions of the public were much excited by the announcement in the daily papers of the arrival, on November 13th ult.,

of the German steamer *Franklin*, from Stettin, bringing with it the much-dreaded cholera. During the voyage, over one hundred cases of the disease had made their appearance, of which forty-one had proved fatal. The action of the Quarantine authorities was at once energetically aroused to the emergency, and all of

the passengers and crew who exhibited symptoms of the disease were at once transferred to the hospital on the West Bank. Those who were certified by the medical inspectors as being in perfect health were transferred to the United States steamship *Delaware*, which has lately been fitted up as a receiving-vessel for

quarantine purposes. The *Franklin* was ordered to the lower Quarantine, where it was obliged to undergo a thorough course of disinfection.

Our illustration represents the receiving-ship *Delaware*, with the hospital tug-boat at its side



NEW YORK HARBOR.—THE QUARANTINE HOSPITAL-SHIP "DELAWARE."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The persistence with which Mr. Ashbury came in behind the New York yachts suggests that he had a stern duty to perform.

A noisy piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.

A GREENHORN was offered, at a public table, a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play any blit pipe-stems on him."

The rite of baptism being about to be administered to several infants, a confused clergyman requested, with great solemnity, "that all children having parents whom they wish to be baptized, will please present them before the altar."

"Sir," said an astonished landlady to a traveler, who had sent his cup forward the evening time, "you must be very fond of coffee?" "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

A FRENCH artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence. It gives more than any other substance."

This is the way a Western lecturer explained a phenomenon: "You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost, to pick the apples, it is a phenomenon."

A SENECA member of the Texas Legislature was met upon the street with a large roll of greenbacks in his hand, looking at his pile, and cackling so loud that he attracted the attention of a bystander, who said to him, "What are you laughing at, Jim?" Jim replied: "You see that money?" "Yes," "Well, boss, I just got that for my vote. I've been bought four or five times in my life, but dis is de first time I ever got de cash myself."

A YOUNG lady, with a number of others who were injured by a railway accident, was carried to a hospital. The surgeon asked: "Well, madame, what can I do for you?" Says she, "Doctor, one of my limbs is broken." "One of your limbs?" said he; "Well, which limb is it?" "Oh, I can't tell you, doctor, but it's one of my limbs." "One of your limbs," thundered the doctor, out of patience, "which is it—the limb you thread a needle with?" "No, sir," she answered with a sigh; "it's the limb I wear a garter on."

A JOLLY young fellow, named Corcoran, when he arrived in this country, some years since, propounded a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York City Hall, which is believed to have shortened that officer's days. Corcoran went up to the office for his "first papers." The deputy was a serious old chap, who, without even looking up, proceeded to put the formal interrogatories. "What's your name?" he demanded. "John Corcoran." "Your age?" "Twenty-one." "What nativity?" "Well, that's what bothers me. I'll tell you, and maybe you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on board of a Dutch brig, under the French flag, in Flemish waters. Now, how is it?" The old clerk looked up aghast, shoved his spectacles on his brow, and slowly made answer: "Young man, your nativity and that of your Saviour are the only ones which ever puzzled me."

FURS.

THE extraordinary demand this season for furs leads us, naturally enough, to a few words concerning them. The most costly, as we all know, are the Siberian sables; and of these, as of all others, the largest and most varied collection in America is to be found at the great emporium of C. G. Gunther's Sons, Nos. 592 and 594 Broadway. Some of the jackets of Crown Russian sable are reckoned cheap at \$4,500, with muffs to match at \$600. These prices seem fabulous, but they are easily accounted for when we remember that, besides being really the most beautiful, sables are far less abundant than other furs. The marketable skins of a single year, including those from Hudson's Bay and Tartary, rarely exceed two hundred and eighty thousand, whereas the annual supply from the ermine alone is estimated by the Leipzig dealers at four hundred thousand; from the pine, stone and fish martens, at eight hundred thousand; from the fisher, at nine thousand; and from the mink, at two hundred and fifty thousand.

In Europe the fur of the seal has long been ranked among the finest; yet it is only lately that it has obtained a decided popularity in this country for ladies' use. For its introduction here we are chiefly indebted to the far-reaching influence of the above-mentioned house—an influence justly acquired by promptness and fair dealing. A complete set of these furs comprises the jacket, muff, boa and gloves. The boa is fastened by a small ermine-head, which is certainly an exquisite bit of foreign workmanship. Among the popular novelties are the short saques of seal-skin; the deeper saques are bordered with uncolored seal, grebe and sable.

The seal and other furs are those most in demand for gentlemen—either for collars, vests, jackets or coats. A handsome collar costs \$8; gloves and gauntlets from \$8 to \$10; vests are \$40; jackets, \$200. Fur is very much used for trimming; and, although it is the richest and most elegant, it is certainly not the most economical. Russian tail-trimming, one inch and a half wide, runs from \$60 to \$75 a yard. Hudson's Bay sable is but little cheaper. Next come the black marten, black Persian, Swiss grebe, blue fox, silver fox, chinchilla, beaver, white and black angora, Iceland lamb and white coney—the last may be bought at 60c. a yard.

Mourning sets of black Astrachan have narrow borders of seal-skin. Black marten, handsomely finished, is used for the same purpose.

Ermine, bordered with a narrow line of seal-skin, is altogether novel as a trimming for full-dress and evening services.

In selecting furs, it should be remembered that the value is always determined by the color; the lightest tints are comparatively low, but the dark shades command the highest prices. Here, however, the buyer is very much at the mercy of the seller—for cheap furs, where properly dyed and dressed, are very attractive for a time. There may be other instances of misplaced confidence; for example, when costly furs, or what have been considered costly by their possessors, are found to be merely patchings and matchings of the smallest pieces. Making a few skins do duty for many, is a temptation which few dealers, however, can resist; and the unfairness of the proceeding becomes annoyingly evident when any alterations are attempted—they are then simply impossible.

AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.—It is no exaggeration to say that Briggs & Brother, of Rochester, N. Y., have made for themselves the most extensive seed business in the world. In the United States and Canada alone over twelve thousand dealers sell their seeds. Their establishment at Rochester has over 22,000 feet of flooring, and nearly 300 persons are em-

ployed in packing and putting up the Flower and Vegetable Seeds, which they send by mail to all parts of the country. Six presses are constantly employed in printing their labels, and they use over \$40,000 worth of paper annually in manufacturing bags for seeds. Their annual Catalogue is one of the most beautiful works of the kind we have seen, being embellished with numberless cuts of Flowers and Vegetables, besides being illustrated with Colored Plates. Their edition for 1872 will be published on the 1st of January next, and it will be, at least, 15,000 copies. To old customers the Catalogue will be sent free, while to new ones an inclosure of 25 cents will be required. And even in such cases where an order for one dollar's worth of Seeds is sent, 25 cents' worth of Seeds in addition are remitted. Briggs & Brother prepay all orders by mail.

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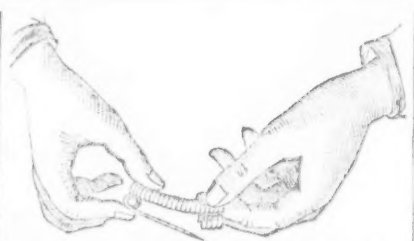
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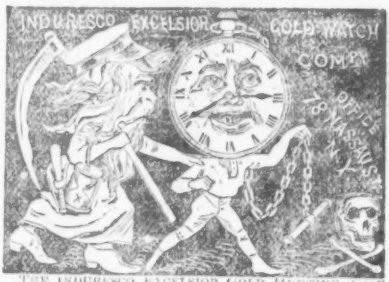
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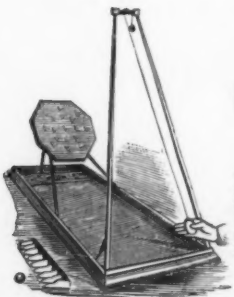
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